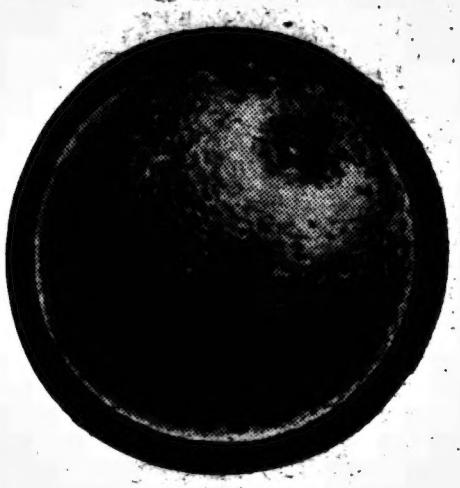
JOHN BULL
TWOPENCE



for Orange
Oh for an utspan!

THE MOST DELICIOUS ORANGES GROWN. Every summer South Africa sends the finest of her orange crops to Britain. Ripened in summer sunlight to sweet maturity, full of health-giving natural sugar, iron and vegetable salts. This delicious fruit is the finest natural tonic in the world. Their strong, sweet juice is full of sun-born vitamins. They cleanse and purify the blood; clean the system of all impurities. There is no more popular or healthful fruit in the world than the ripe, sweet South African oranges you see in every fruitshop.

"OUTSPAN" is a word peculiar to South Africa. A word that meant rest and refreshment to the pioneer settlers who trekked across her vast undeveloped veldt in the early 19th century. "Outspan" to-day distinguishes the very pick of South Africa's orange crops—each "Outspan" orange conforming to the very highest standards of sweetness and juice content. South African oranges are the best that you can buy—and the pick of them all are marked "OUTSPAN".

The pick of South African oranges are marked **Outspan**

An 8/6 Squeezer OFFERED TO YOU for 3/6

and 30 Wrappers from any South African Oranges

FRESH orange-juice is the finest health-drink in existence. And here is the simplest and best Fruit Squeezer ever invented! The Citrus Growers of South Africa, working with expert designers, have produced it—and they now offer one to every household in Great Britain and Northern Ireland.

The Springbok Orange Squeezer, beautifully modelled in polished aluminium, looks like a wedding-present. Untarnishable, easily washable under the tap, it has no mechanical parts to bother you. In one simple movement it extracts *every drop of juice* from an orange. A turn of the wrist, and *all* the juice pours into the glass, entirely free from pips, pulp and skin.

The Springbok Squeezer is NOT for sale. **If it were, it would cost at least 8/6. There is only one way to obtain a Springbok Squeezer, and here it is:—**

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO. Fill in the coupon below and post it with a 3/6 Postal Order and 30 wrappers from any brand of South African Oranges, such as "Outspan", "Goldland", etc. A Springbok Squeezer will then be dispatched to you, carriage paid, thereby effecting a clear saving to you of 5/-. Please post coupon and 30 wrappers with 3/6 remittance to The South African Citrus Committee (c/o M. & C.), Brettenham House, Lancaster Place, W.C.2.

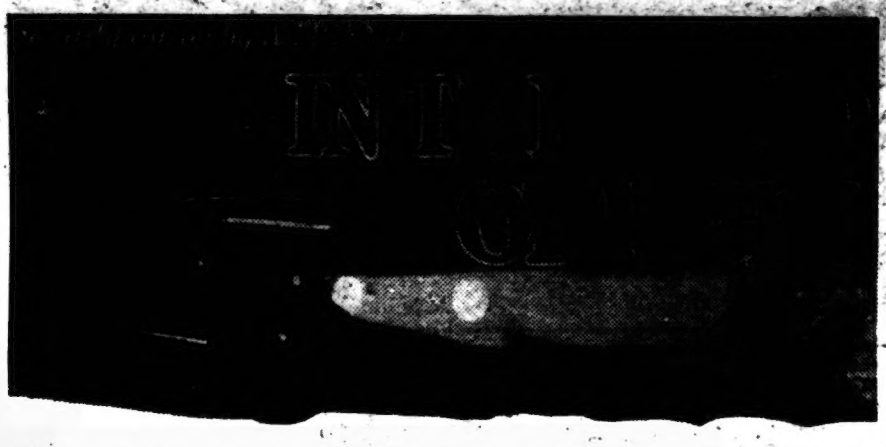
NAME .....

ADDRESS.....

.....

.....

J.B. *Please write in block letters.*



THE crew of the fire brigade are asleep. The station is a place of silence. But with electrifying suddenness the scene changes. Men are moving about fast, efficiently and quietly—the doors of the station slide apart—a clang of the bell as the engine races out to answer the night call.

A mile away a little family are at the window of a kindly neighbour's house. They stand and gaze before the heart-rending spectacle of their home being ravaged by fire, devastated before their eyes.

Although homeless, this family do not despair; they know that as registered readers of "John Bull" they are certain to receive a helping hand in a little while. "John Bull's" helping hand, on scores and scores of similar occasions, has brought hope when there has been none, prompt practical assistance that has been the silver lining to the cloud, the means to a new home.

"JOHN BULL" IS YOUR SAFEGUARD.

"John Bull" is the only paper in the world to safeguard its registered readers' household effects against damage by FIRE, STORM, FLOOD and TEMPEST—and to pay SICKNESS BENEFITS. Other Benefits include ACCIDENTS in the HOME, on the SPORTS FIELD, CHILDREN'S ACCIDENTS, LOSS by BURGLARY, etc., etc.

If you have not yet obtained this valuable and unique Security Gift do so TO-DAY by using the Forms below.

OVER £600,000 ALREADY PAID.

This Great Gift of Security stands without parallel in practical value. Since the scheme was launched, the colossal sum of over £600,000 has been distributed to registered readers or their dependants—believe me, that figure represents a world record in weekly journal Free Insurance.

No greater testimony to the real practical value of this unique—I repeat unique—Family Insurance Gift could possibly be forthcoming. Think what this practical assistance must have meant to tens of thousands of readers in their darkest hours.

FRIEND-IN-NEED.

The possession of "John Bull's" Certificate of Security gives one an additional sense of protection, for you know, as well as I do, how in our daily round we are often brought face to face with unsuspected risks and dangers, and it's a great relief and comfort to know that if misfortune does come our way—"John Bull" will prove our truest friend in need—a friend to whom we can turn, confident of ready and open-handed assistance.

ACT NOW!

Family life cannot hold any real happiness and contentment without its full measure, too, of security. What I would like to emphasise is that "John Bull" is the only paper in the world to provide this essential Security.

If you have not yet obtained this unique Security Gift, let me urge you to do so to-day. It may mean much to you and yours in the future. One never knows. Use the Forms below *now*. There's nothing to pay.

"JOHN BULL" THE ONLY PAPER TO PAY FIRE, STORM, FLOOD & SICKNESS BENEFITS

SIGN TO-DAY

JOHN BULL

***Hand* this Form to Your Newsagent**

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

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..... Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 20/8/38.

CUT HERE

Post this Form to
"John Bull," Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

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Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address .....

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Name and Address of Newsagent.

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..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full Benefits and Conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 20/8/38.

When replying to advertisers' offers, readers should always address their communications clearly, giving name and full postal address, otherwise unavoidable delay and misdirection of goods or correspondence may result.

JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW

ALL ROUND VALUE AND A SQUARE GUARANTEE FOR A STRAIGHT LINE

EVERY OFFER COVERED BY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE ON PAGE 31

SOUTH WESTERN

GARDEN SHEDS
IN DEAL OR CEDARWOOD
cash 2/- extra

DELIVERY FREE ENGLAND & WALES BY RAIL or LORRY	OTHER MODELS FROM L	W	Cash	Dep.	12 Pts.
Send for your copy of 1938 Art Catalogue FREE and post free.	4	3	25/-	2/-	2/3
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SOUTH WESTERN APPLIANCE CO., LTD
Dept. S, Elgin Road, Feltham, S.W.A. Tel. 1425

LASTING WAVES ALL OVER THE HEAD WITH THIS NEW WAVER & SETTER

Post 3d. 1/6

A "wave in a lifetime" at super-quality to suit "Perm" and "nothing" hair and obtain glorious, natural wavy hair. This famous Waver scientifically and automatically sets the hair into any desired depth of lasting waves. IT CANNOT FAIL even on absolutely straight hair, if you follow the simple instructions. No heat irons, electricity, danger or fuss—get a full wave at home in half an hour! Comfortable to use, washable, will last for years to save you pounds in hairdressing costs.

Greatly reduced. A limited number offered at only 1/6, post 3d.

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Give your front steps, window sills, door finish, etc., a lovely cream-coloured finish with cream Cardinal Polish. Will not wash off in the rain.

In White, Green, Red, Buff and Transparent.

CARDINAL 6½d. 1/3 2/6

CHERWICK PRODUCTS LTD., LONDON, W.4

NOW IS THE TIME TO BUY A BIKE

I OFFER 1,000 BRAND NEW COVENTRY BICYCLES DURING AUGUST AT CUT PRICES AND TERMS. FROM 57/6. Carriage paid. An enormous saving on each cycle. A postcard will bring you free lists.

EDWD. O'BRIEN, Ltd., Dept. 3, COVENTRY.

1938 MOTORCYCLES £££s OFF LIST PRICES

£5 RIDES AWAY 12, 18, 24 Months to Pay.

3rd Party Insurance ONLY required. Highest exchange allowance car, motor-cycle or cycle.

EXAMPLES

Make.	List Price.	Our Price.
P. & M. 598 c.c. O.H.V.	£69.15	£54.10.0
New Imperial 150 c.c. O.H.V.	£27. 0	£20. 0.0
B.S.A. 250 c.c. O.H.V.	£46. 5	£39. 0.0

Dozens of other new 1938 models including O.K. Supreme, Royal Enfield, A.J.S., D.K.W., etc. Seize this opportunity to obtain a brand new, unused, 1938 model, fully guaranteed, at a saving of many pounds. Illustrated list free. Write (Dept. J.B.), call or phone Brixton 6881.

3D DEVELOPS ANY SIZE ROLL FILM

FULL POSTCARD SIZE PRINTS, 3½" x 3½" 2D. Each

Failures credited in full. Send P.O. 1/7 for developing and printing any size 8-exposure spool, and 2d. stamp for return postage.

Write name and address in block capitals.

JEROME LTD.
Bevay Place, Holloway, N.7, *and Branches*

BANKRUPT STOCK

OFFER OF GENUINE "VARSITY GREY" FLANNEL TROUSERS

Here is your opportunity to purchase a pair of new season's genuine "Varsity Semi-Oxford" medium and light grey trousers at the incredible price of only 2/11. Of real value, these trousers are finely cut and tailored, with strong pockets and linings. Built-in belt loops. A perfectly hanging garment. Fully guaranteed. Simply send 2/11 plus 6d. for post and packing, stating inside leg and waist measurements.

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How to Stop Smoking

FREE TREATISE WORTH POUNDS

Thousands of genuine, entirely unsolicited testimonials from grateful men and women who have been quickly freed from the tobacco habit by the help of the Stanley Treatment for Tobacco Habit. What the Stanley Treatment has done for others it can do for you. A grateful man writes: "Now I have not the slightest *inclination for smoking. I consider your Treatment the best investment I have ever made.*" If you wish to break the Tobacco Habit, write to-day for the Famous Treatise, "Tobacco Bondage and the Way Out," which has caused so much comment. Sent free and without obligation. It will cost you nothing and save you pounds, so write to-day.

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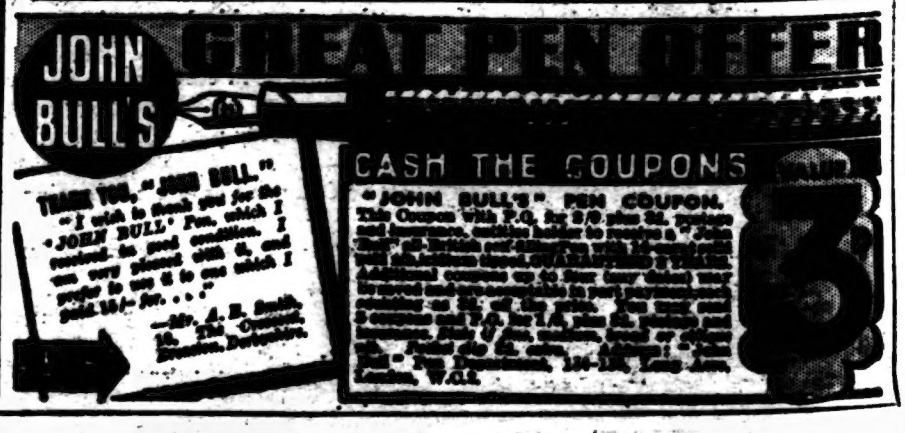
JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN OFFER


THANK YOU, "JOHN BULL."
"I wish to thank you for the "JOHN BULL" Pen, which I received in good condition. I am very pleased with it, and prefer it to one which I paid 10/- for. . . ."
—Mr. J. R. Smith, 16, The Quarry, Bradon, Derbyshire.
CASH THE COUPONS
"JOHN BULL'S" PEN COUPON.

CARPET BARGAINS

9½

Write for Free Bargain Catalogue post free.

Greens, Browns, Blues, Rose and Art Colourings to suit all requirements and large enough to cover any ordinary-sized room. They are made of material equal to wool and being a speciality of our own can only be obtained direct from our Looms, saving purchaser all middle profits. Guaranteed genuine bargains. Money refunded if not approved. Thousands repeat Orders. With every Carpet we absolutely give away 2 handsome Rugs to match. SPECIAL OFFER: 2 carpets, 2 Rugs and 2 doormats for 39/-. Carriage Paid. Cash or C.O.D. S. HODGSON & SON (Dept. J.B.), Wesley Road, Leeds.

Portable BUILDING CONSTRUCTION REVOLUTIONISED!

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WONDERFUL NEW EVERLASTING WOOD

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R. H. HALL & CO. (Kent), Ltd. (61T), Paddock Wood, KENT.

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NAVAL COAST GUARD TELESCOPES

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POST & PKG. 7d

Slightly used but perfect. Every glass examined. Last of stock. Must be cleared regardless of cost. Astounding reduction makes this an offer which should not be missed. These famous Telescopes have a perfect range of vision over several miles. Smooth action adjustment. Pull-out range 24 ins. Handy brass tube plated with all-weather body when closed. X30 magnification. Sent carriage paid for 3/11, post 7d. Few only "Army Pocket" Model Telescopes. Marvellously powerful. Long range, 1/6, post 3d. Cash refunded if dissatisfied.

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3 WAY BED SETTEE

37/-

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Carriage and Packing 3/-. Solidoak frame. Patent spring seat, turned legs, 3 velvet cushions, colours to suit everyone. Call and inspect or send for catalogue J. of bargains in upholstered chairs, bed and dining-room suites. *Cheques, registered letters and crossed P.O.s to:—*

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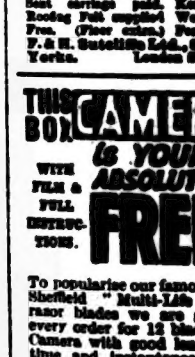
Positively the Greatest Bargain ever offered to the DEAF



"Man of a Thousand Inventions" (no battery) offered this week for 25/-. Previously sold at £7-7-0. The greatest little deaf-aid ever designed. No Batteries—No Wires—No Other Parts—No Renewals—Absolutely Invisible. Amazing Power. Never before has such a bargain been offered to the Deaf.

This Week 25/- only *Previously £7-7-0*

30 DAYS' FREE TRIAL

SEND NAME AND ADDRESS for 30 days' FREE TRIAL. Send now. D. & J. HIRE, Ltd., Aeolian Dept., 363, Oxford Street, London, W.1 (over Oxford Circus Tube Stn.). Hours 10 to 6, Saturdays 10 to 1. *Supplied under National Health Benefit.*

PRISMATIC BINOCULARS

BY THE WORLD'S FAMOUS MAKERS

8 x 25 Model for 75/-

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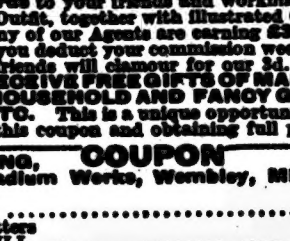

Exceedingly powerful Prism Binoculars by Lemiere, Paris. 8x Magnification, Wide View, "Screw and Eyepiece Focus," Bending Bar. Damp and Dust Proof. Wonderful definition. Name of ship distinctly read five miles from shore. Complete in Brown English Leather Case with Sling. Send 3/- Deposit and 6d. for postage for Free approval. If satisfactory Balance payable 3/- monthly until 75/6 is paid or cash within 7 days, 70/- only. Fully Illus. List of Field and Prism Glasses Post Free.

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FREE! SPECIAL SHARPENER FOR SCYTHE INCLUDED FREE MUST 7 DAYS

Take a lesson from country folk—the scythe is best. Cuts WET or DRY grass twice as quickly as shears without stooping or backache. Gets where mower cannot be used — sloping banks, narrow borders, awkward corners, around trees, rockeries, etc. Fitted keen razor edge tempered steel 9-in. blade in non-rust holder, this improved Scythe can even be used by ladies without fatigue. Complete with long handle and sheath to protect blade. FREE SHARPENER and easy directions. Send NOW P.O. 3/- to:

Wm. PENN, Ltd. (Dept. AB), 623, Holloway Rd., London, N.19

The very latest dresses in very latest colours with latest Sunbeam fabric having Permanent Pleats which simply will not fall out. The West End's newest style of fine quality Heather finished silky material. 100% British. Ideal in made and quality for all occasions, it has the FULLY FLARED SWING SKIRT. Colours: Blue, Pink, Green, Beige or Brown. Sizes: S.W., W., W.X. (O.S. 1/6 extra.) Stocks strictly limited, so order at once.

MAIL PRODUCTIONS (Dept. Y.B.S.B.6), 91, NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.C.1.

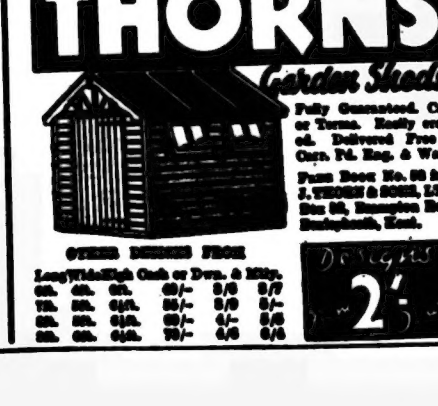
WANTED

ONE HUNDRED PERSONS (EITHER SEX) WHO ARE READY TO EARN A HANDFUL OF £1 NOTES BY SPARE TIME WORK BETWEEN NOW AND XMAS.

A handful of £1 notes by Christmas to spend on little luxuries for yourself, on some things you have been wanting, or on presents for others—you can have a handful!

Send a postcard to us asking for our Private Christmas Card Sample Book, and we will send you the book and full particulars, free of charge. You are not asked for any deposit nor to outlay any of your own money. Our Sample Book contains by far the finest selection of private Christmas Greeting Cards, abounding in Novelties, amazing variety, remarkable Calendars of Imitation Oil Paintings, Animal Studies, beautiful pictures in Bromide, Coloured Scenes and Flower Subjects, dainty Notepapers, Bookmarks, etc. A masterpiece of the choicest and best. Your friends and acquaintances will be delighted to buy these from you, there is something for everybody's taste and needs, one pleasing one person and another pleasing someone else. We pay you handsomely and there are valuable prizes in addition. Apply at once and be the first to start.

J. RENSHAW & SONS, Ltd. (Dept. R.153), Climax Works, Accrington.



Why risk needlessly unreliable watches when for as little as 1/6 deposit you can own a genuine Try-time Watch, renowned the world over and guaranteed 10 years in wearing. Simply send deposit with name and address. If satisfied, balance by small instalments. Or write for Catalogue. 500 Watches (Ladies and Gent's). Diamond Rings, etc. Some Easy Terms.

A. CUTHBERTSON, 7 Ely Mansions, Charterhouse St., E.C.1

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FIRST IN 1927 — FIRST TO-DAY

AGENTS WANTED

For old-established Football Gift "Doubles" and "Trebles." Good Commission and Bonus to reliable men. Send coupon to-day.

Post in id. unsealed envelope to

Name .....

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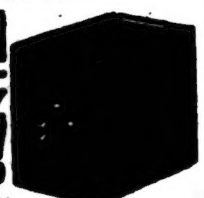
SOUTHERN & CO UNIVERSAL HOUSE CHRISTCHURCH HANTS

THIS BOX CAMERA IS YOURS—ABSOLUTELY FREE!

WITH FILM & FULL INSTRUCTIONS.



To popularise our famous 100% Sheffield "Multi-Lib" 3-hole type double-edged razor blades we are giving absolutely FREE with every order for 12 blades for 1/6 post free, this Box Camera with good lens, accurate view-finder, simple time and instantaneous shutter, leatherette finish. Daylight loading. Also film and instructions. Money back if blades are not equal to any 6d. blade obtainable. Send P.O. 1/6 only (stamps not accepted) for blades and FREE Camera and film. Nothing more to pay. Extra films 3d. per exposure.

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The modern method of trading

Display Your Goods in JOHN BULL'S "Shop Window"

The most effective and economical way of reaching the great mail order public. Advertise a bargain line and sell country-wide.

For rates and details of Free Advertisement Writing Service, apply on business letterheading to The Manager, Ideas and Sales Development Dept., "John Bull," Room 29, 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

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£5,000 IN CASH AND FREE GIFTS

A CERT FOR LIVE AGENTS

Here's the greatest opportunity to earn big money in your spare time. Introduce our wonderful 3d. Double Value Club Cards to your friends and workmates and earn a liberal commission. We will give you a Free Outfit, together with Illustrated Catalogue, and what's more, we pay all your postages. Many of our Agents are earning £3-£5 weekly in commission, and bonuses. Furthermore, you deduct your commission weekly, so that you don't have to wait for your money. Your friends will clamour for our 3d. Cards; and whether THEY WIN CASH OR NOT, THEY RECEIVE FREE GIFTS OF MARVELLOUS VALUE IN BOOTS, SHOES, CLOTHING, HOUSEHOLD AND FANCY GOODS, WATCHES, CLOCKS, CIGARETTES, TOYS, ETC. This is a unique opportunity, so do yourself and your friends a good turn by sending this coupon and obtaining full particulars per return.

DON'T DELAY FILL IN THIS COUPON NOW!

COUPON

To: SOCCER KING, Dept. J.B., Stadium Works, Wembley, Middlesex.

NAME IN FULL (Block Letters) .....

ADDRESS IN FULL (Block Letters) .....

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(d. stamp enclosed.) J.B.20/8/38.

Owing to laying down quick plant and re-organising the British Factory, we are now able to offer this outstanding

"DOUBLE-WAVE"

Comb which WAVES HAIR WITHOUT HEAT OR ANY OTHER APPLIANCE

at 9d. each, post 2d., a price that you cannot afford to miss. No matter whether short or long, simply comb your hair to produce beautiful natural waves. No curling irons, heater or mess. Will save you pounds in hairdressers' bills. The 20 quickly shaped teeth give lovely shining results. Your money promptly refunded if not delighted. Send P.O. 11d. (stamps not accepted). Any Name Initial in red set Instantaneously, 2/6 post free.

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THORNS Garden Sheds

Fully Guaranteed. Cash or Terms. Really erected. Delivered Free or Carr. Pd. Rail & Wales.

Price Book No. 38 from J. THORN & SONS, LTD., Box 38, Brampton Road, Bexleyheath, Kent.

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Long	Wide	High	Cash or Deps.	6 Mths.
6ft.	4ft.	6ft.	49/-	8/6
7ft.	5ft.	6½ft.	55/-	9/6
8ft.	5ft.	6½ft.	69/-	11/-
8ft.	6ft.	6½ft.	79/-	13/6

Designs 2/-

"John Bull's" Great New

HURRY! FINAL

AT LAST

A Modern Practical Cookery Book that you'll use everyday

In the recipes below, which have been taken at random from the over 2,000 in this great new work, you are given approximate costs of a few representative dishes. It must be taken into consideration that these costs are based on the general prices of the various ingredients and not on individual district prices. The estimated costs given below have been specially computed by a cookery expert for this announcement in order to demonstrate to you the every-day value of the 2,000 odd practical money-saving recipes in this amazing New Book.

STEAK AND KIDNEY PUDDING—1/3d.
Steak and Kidney Pudding, for 6 people for 1s. 3d. See page 375.

MINCED MEAT PUDDING—9d.
Nourishing Minced Meat Pudding for 4 people for 9d. See page 242.

BUCK RAREBIT—6d.
Buck Rarebit for 4 people for 6d. See page 360.

JAM ROLY-POLY—6d.
All the family loves Jam Roly-Poly. A large one can be made for 6d. See page 410.

BLACKBERRY TURNOVER—about 6d.
Blackberry Turnover for 6 guests for about 6d. See page 382.

TOAD IN THE HOLE—approximately 10d.
Toad in the Hole, without eggs, will cost approximately 10d. See page 224.

FRUIT ROLL—approximately 7d.
Make a substantial Fruit Roll for 4 to 6 people for approximately 7d. See page 408.

VEGETARIAN MOULD WITH GREEN PEAS—about 7d.
A savoury Vegetarian Mould with green Peas for 6 people for about 7d. See page 335.

POTATO AND CHEESE PIE—4d.
Make a supper dish of Potato and Cheese Pie for 4 people for 4d. See page 329.

TOMATO AND POTATO CAKE—6d.
Make a large Tomato and Potato Cake for 4 people for 6d. See page 232.

THICK GREEN PEA SOUP—5d.
Thick Green Pea Soup for 4 people will cost 5d. See page 101.

GOLDEN PUDDING—9d.
Golden Pudding for 4 people for 9d. See page 409.

GOLDEN BATTER PUDDING—11d.
Golden Batter Pudding, with two Eggs, for 4 to 6 people for 11d. See page 412.

VARIETY BUNS—about 8d.
Bake two dozen Variety Buns for about 8d. See page 478.

FISH AND POTATO CAKES—6d.
Nourishing Fish and Potato Cakes for 4 people for 6d. See page 235.

A LARGE CUSTARD—Less than 7d.
A Large Custard, with only one egg, for 4 people for less than 7d. See page 578.

SAVOURY MACARONI PUDDING—7d.
Savoury Macaroni Pudding for 4 people for 7d. See page 240.

SEMOLINA CUSTARD—6d.
Semolina Custard for 6d. See page 579.

SPINACH MOULD WITH MUSHROOMS—about 10d.
Spinach Mould with Mushrooms for 4 persons for about 10d. See page 330.

DUCHESS APPLES—4d.
Duchess Apples for 6 people will cost 4d. See page 435.

DELICIOUS SEED CAKE—5d. per lb.
Delicious Seed Cake (eggless) for 5d. per lb. See page 495.

ROCK CAKES—approximately 9d.
Make two dozen Rock Cakes for approximately 9d. See page 514.

BIRTHDAY CAKE—approximately 1s. 9d.
A delicious Birthday Cake for approximately 1s. 9d. See page 484.

XMAS CAKE—2s. 6d.
How to make a Grand Xmas Cake for 2s. 6d. See page 484.

RAISIN AND ALMOND PUDDING—approximately 7d.
A big Raisin and Almond Pudding for 4 to 6 persons can be made for approximately 7d. See page 393.

WHAT! COLD MEAT AGAIN!

HUSBAND: Sunday's joint again in the old disguise! Don't you think you could be a little more original?
WIFE: We can't afford to waste meat!

FRIEND: Of course, men get tired of cold meat, who doesn't? I'm afraid you're out of date, my dear. Now get this book. . . .

WIFE: Why wasn't "Modern Cookery Illustrated" published years ago? Every woman in the country needs such money-saving help. Bob will love this dish!

HUSBAND: This *is* better! That new Cookery Book is going to make a difference to our table and our pockets. It's fine, and look at the kids tucking in!

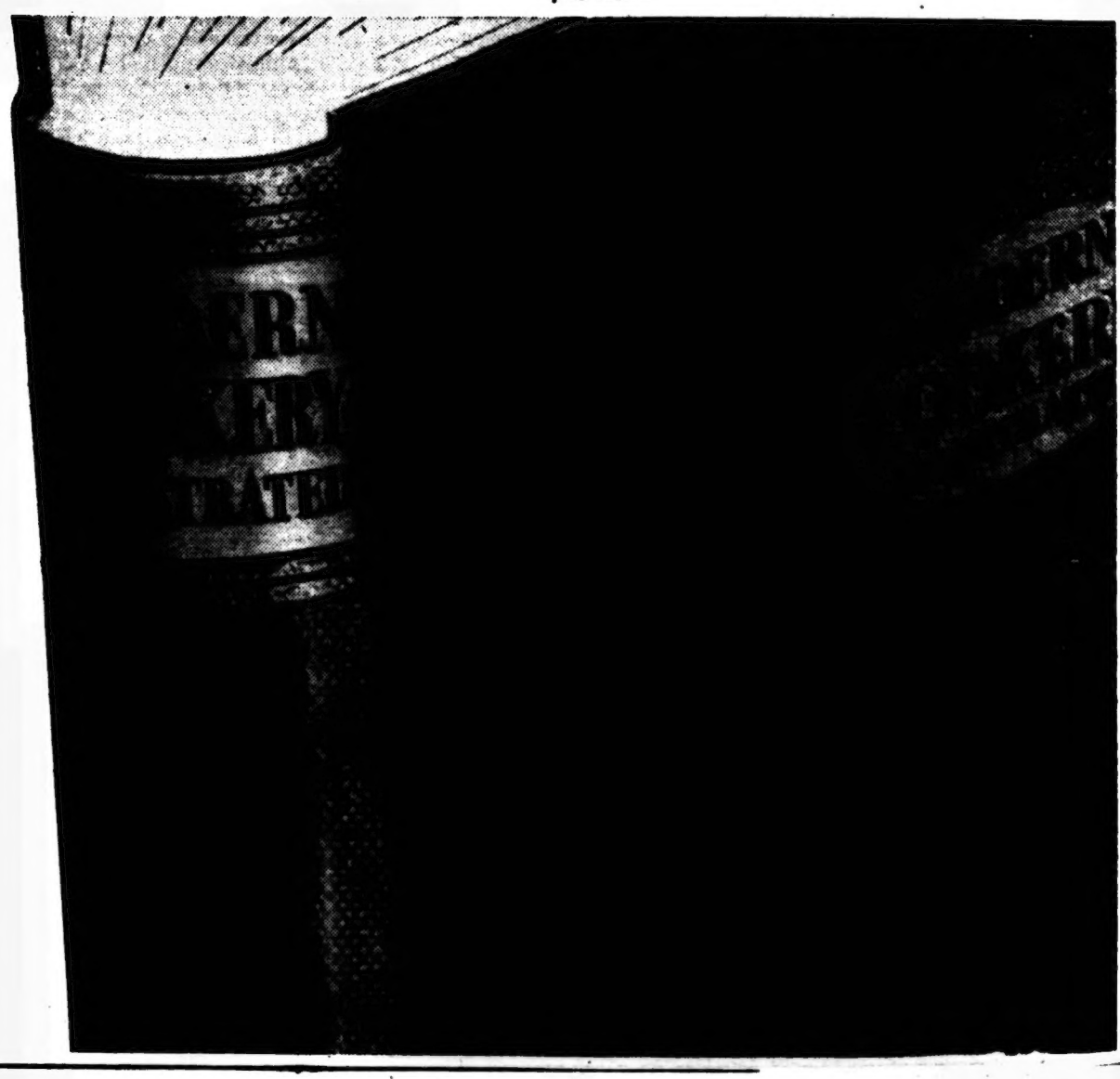
WE MUST ECONOMISE!

HUSBAND: Look! You've spent more again on housekeeping! We'll be in the workhouse soon!
WIFE: I wish you would try to manage on the money!

WIFE: My husband grumbles, but you know how prices are. You can't get good food for less.
FRIEND: Cheer up! I've got good news. . . .

WIFE: I'm glad I heard about "Modern Cookery Illustrated." It really is a money-saver . . . and delicious dishes. Hubby's getting a big surprise!

HUSBAND: This is fine, darling; your new money-saving cookery book is buying our seats. And that was a grand meal to-night!



Presentation to every Reader

OPPORTUNITY!

"AT last a modern cookery book I can use every day"—"A work that will save its modest cost over and over again"—"Recipes that will really save money and can easily be followed,"—these phrases are just a few of the many that express the tremendous appreciation and delight of "John Bull" readers who are hastening in their scores of thousands to secure "John Bull's" wonderful new Presentation, "Modern Cookery Illustrated." If you have not yet applied you should do so at once before it is too late. Owing to the huge demand, this is the final opportunity and the Forms below will not be published again next week. Fill in the Forms and post them now. This guarantees your volume for you. There are no tokens to collect. You do not send your remittance until AFTER YOU GET THE BOOK. All applications must be received by not later than the date specified on the Form below and will be dealt with in strict rotation.

"Modern Cookery Illustrated," now published for the first time, is the world's greatest, most practical and up-to-date book of its kind—containing over 2,000 tested, MONEY-SAVING, easy-to-follow recipes—thousands of valuable new ideas, secrets, hints and tips—640 big pages—nearly 400,000 words—scores and scores of unique "how-to-do-it" photographs, charts and diagrams—an A-Z index.

This work has been planned throughout on an entirely new basis and is the first great successful effort to be made to show housewives how they can save hard cash every day, and at the same time produce an immense variety of nourishing dishes for all the family. In no other book can you get all this wonderful information. Here is a work which you would consider astounding value for £1 1s. 0d., yet it is yours for the astonishingly low sum of only 2s. 9d., plus 1s., which includes carriage, packing, insurance, etc. Make sure of your copy by posting the Final Forms below at once!

★ "Modern Cookery Illustrated" has been specially compiled and edited by one of the most famous practical cookery experts of our age—LYDIA CHATTERTON.

The over 2,000 recipes in this great book are the biggest and most useful contribution to perfect and economical home cooking ever made. Every recipe has been tried, tested and proved under ordinary kitchen conditions, and is set down in plain English—cooking times are given. You simply can't go wrong!

This great work also covers every aspect of modern successful cooking and puts at your elbow thousands of valuable money-saving secrets and hints.

The valuable illustrations in this work have been specially prepared and include a unique series of pictures based on the "Cinema" shot-by-shot principle, showing each stage in the making of important dishes, and carrying out awkward and difficult cooking operations.

This work also contains a unique "why-did-it-go-wrong?" section in which scores and scores of every-day cooking problems are fully explained. This section will save you from making many mistakes and will also help to win you an enviable reputation.

"Modern Cookery Illustrated" is a magnificent, large-size book with beautiful white ivory-finish paper, printed throughout in large, clear-face type with Recipes printed in extra-bold type. Actual size of the volume is 9⅞ in. deep by 6¾ in. wide.

For the Standard Edition, which has stiff covers bound in hard-wearing Crash Canvas of dignified beige, with title embossed on the spine and front, you are asked to send—AFTER you have received your volume—only 2s. 9d., plus 1s., which includes carriage, packing, insurance, etc., making 3s. 9d. in all.

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To secure your copy of "Modern Cookery Illustrated" you must fill in the Reservation Order Form and the two Labels below as directed. Be sure to indicate on the Forms the Edition required—Standard or De Luxe—and to affix a halfpenny stamp to the Label "X." POST FORM AND LABELS, together with 3d. in stamps, AT ONCE. This reserves and guarantees your volume in your name in the Edition you specify. As soon as it is off the press your volume will be dispatched to your home. At the same time you will receive a Presentation Invoice, which must be returned with your remittance within seven days AFTER receipt of your volume.

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COOKERY BOOK

that really saves you money and ensures successful cooking

2000 RECIPES—EVERY ONE TESTED

THOUSANDS OF EXCLUSIVE COOKING SECRETS

WONDERFUL HOW-TO-DO-IT ILLUSTRATIONS

ECONOMY HINTS YOU WILL FIND NOWHERE ELSE

ABSOLUTELY UP-TO-DATE—FIRST TIME PUBLISHED

ALL ABOUT COOKERY FROM A TO Z

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(CUT HERE—DO NOT SEPARATE FORM AND LABELS)

"JOHN BULL"

FINAL

Reservation Order Form

"Modern Cookery Illustrated"

Books will be dispatched to applicants from this paper in strict rotation. Address your envelope exactly as shown below and post to—

COOKERY BOOK Dept. J.B.2, "JOHN BULL,"
30, EARLHAM STREET, LONDON, W.C.2. (Prof.)

Please reserve in my name a copy of "Modern Cookery Illustrated." I enclose with this Form 3d. (threepence) in stamps as Reservation Fee. This guarantees my Volume in my name. I understand that you will dispatch my Volume in a few days and that an Invoice will be sent me. I have indicated below the Edition I require—Standard or De Luxe—and certify that I will remit the amount specified below WITHIN 7 DAYS OF RECEIPT OF VOLUME.

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You MUST send with this Form Reservation Fee of 3d. (Threepence) in LOOSE STAMPS.

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The last day for the receipt of Reservations from this announcement in Tuesday, August 30th.

Offer applies only to Great Britain, Northern Ireland and Eire. J.B., 20/8/38.

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A halfpenny stamp MUST be affixed here by you.

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HAPPY EVENT!

—AND NOT A PENNY SAVED TO BUY THE PRAM!

Read how they got one—without spending a penny extra—by an amazing money-saving system YOU can use!

AGAIN PLUS TWO'S BRING JOY INTO THE HOME!

WAS I WORRIED? Here was the wife knitting tiny garments for our first-born—and we'd saved up just enough money to buy everything—except the PRAM!

I could buy a pneumatic-tyred beauty by hire-purchase—but where could I get the money to pay the instalments with? I tried to cut down smoking, but my nerves needed my 30-a-day . . .

Then . . . an ad. showed me how! I saw that by changing to PLUS TWO'S, I could still smoke my 30 full-size cigarettes per day—and SAVE 2/1 every week—MONEY FOR THE PRAM!

Oh boy, oh boy! We rushed off to the pram-shop, and chose a chromium-plated limousine for our future heir (or heiress!) for £5.7.6—ours for 2/- down and 2/- weekly!

Everything went marvellously! It *was* a boy—weighed 8 pounds—and looks just like his father! Everybody stops to admire him in his lovely pram . . . and I pay off the instalments without noticing them—out of a special savings-box we call our 'PLUS TWO Found-Money-Box.' When he's a man he'll smoke PLUS TWO's too—the smoke that brought him his pram—the finest smokes for any man!

FREE GIFTS for everyone!

Now! There's no need to struggle on—denying yourself the nice things that would bring JOY into your home! You too can have a money-saving box. All you have to do—if you smoke 30 'ten-for-six-pennies' a day—most men do—you simply switch over to the new full-size, big, fat, cool, refreshing PLUS TWO cigarettes—every bit as big and good as the best 'ten-for-sixpennies'—and TWO SHILLINGS AND ONE PENNY goes rattling into your money-box *regularly* every Saturday! Here's how its done—you buy *cigarettes only* when you buy PLUS TWO'S, you don't pay for fancy frills and wrappings—and that's why you get TWO MORE full-size cigarettes for your 6d. When you open the big 11½d. packet, there's *four extra* full-size cigarettes waiting to be lit!

SAVE—yet get cigarettes every bit as big and as good—thanks to NO FRILL packing! Start to-day!

PLUS TWO *Full size* CIGARETTES

Every bit as big and as good-packed without frills—save you MONEY!

GODFREY PHILLIPS, LTD., LONDON, ENGLAND

ALSO CORK-TIPPED—BLUE BOXES

JOHN BULL

93, Long Acre London, W.C.2.
Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.
Thursday, for week ending
Saturday, August 20, 1938

A BRITISH INSTITUTION

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

Economy's Lunatics at Large Britain's Best Good Turn Our Thirsty Sobertons

WATCH your self-appointed watchdogs—the gentry who demand Economy.

We're all in favour of economy. But what these bluff bawlers and wily whisperers want is Economania. JOHN BULL warned you months ago of their hidden campaign. Now they've come into the open.

Expert Savers

At the Conservative Conference in October there'll be a shoal of "anti-waste" resolutions.

The Prime Minister won't agree to set up a new Economy Committee. He will point out that Treasury experts are now attached to all spending departments to check extravagance—a good move.

But powerful M.P.s hint at a financial crisis next year. They have newspapers behind them. Even Ministers talked of a "serious situation" just before they went off on holiday.

Axe Again

Rearmament can't be slowed down. Income tax can't be raised again. So the plan is to chop social services, ban all public works except on the war-important trunk roads.

Local authorities have already been told to restrict building.

First Lord's Jaunt

Strange, though, that exception has been taken to the £10,000 holiday of the First Lord of the Admiralty and his party of friends.

He's cruising for five weeks in the big Admiralty yacht "Enchantress"—at your expense.

It's given him a chance to have a chat with a German admiral, so maybe the cost is worth while. Maybe not.

Anyhow, why begrudge £10,000 for the First Lord's holiday?

Many villages have to get water by cart, as this photo from a Somerset reader shows. And others get none at all!

Other Ways . . .

There are other ways of saving money. Ormskirk Guardians show the way.

They refuse 2s. a week pocket-money to old folk in poor law institutions. Liverpool and Southport also refuse the County P.A.C.'s recommendation.

Let Liverpool, Southport and Ormskirk rulers be crowned with laurel by our economaniacs.

Starve 'Em!

And give a putty medal (it doesn't cost much) to the Starve 'Em zealots. This case is typical of many:

A relieving officer learned that 27s. a week had been spent on food for a man, his wife and four children while the man was in work.

"Too much!" he said, horrified. "Let me look in the larder!"

After which, the family was allowed 18s. 6d. a week relief.

It Rests with You

Tighten your belts. Stop building. Slash the health and education services. Put up the shutters and tell the world that Britain's bankrupt.

Then you'll push down trade, push up unemployment.

Or spend wisely, save wisely, and show that Britain is the most prosperous country in Europe.

It rests with you. Raise your voices and local councils, Westminster, too, will heed you.

Copy Bognor!

Stop waste, certainly. Make your council follow Bognor's example. There a special committee, independent of the finance committee, is to see that the town's money is being well spent.

Not because there's anything wrong with the accounts, but to avoid overlapping and needless expense.

Bravo, R.A.F.!

That's fine. So is the R.A.F.'s appointment of 200 aircraftmen as pilots.

Thanks to Hore-Belisha, the Army has come to realise how much talent may be found in the ranks. The other Services will be doing themselves—and Britain—a good turn if they make promotion easier.

Best Good Turn

But the best good turn you can find in Britain has been done by hundreds of miners, labourers, shopkeepers and others in Abercrave, Brecon.

They are volunteering to give their life savings to keep open the local pits and thus save the town from ruin.

Imagine the years of toil that their savings represent and you'll appreciate the magnitude of their generosity.

Now Showing

Mention of Wales reminds us of a grievance shared by employment exchange officials and unemployed alike.

Ton Pentre exchange is an old cinema with rotting floor, trestle tables as counters—and the old cinema seating hasn't been removed.

No Daylight

At Blaina, the office is a disused chapel. All windows are frosted; officials have to work by gaslight all day.

After which they have to clear everything away because the place is used for other purposes in the evening.

And there are plenty of exchanges just as rotten.

Sea Slums

Maybe Britain's rottenest working conditions are not actually in Britain, but in the ships that ply round our shores.

Our "sea slums" exposure is supported by the latest report of the Port of London's medical officer.

He tells of dirty, unhealthy accommodation, poor food facilities that account for the digestive troubles common among men—most of whom work 84 to 110 hours a week—and other disgraces.

Would He Like It?

Yet Mr. Oliver Stanley, President of the Board of Trade, maintains that regulations are adequate, though even the Greeks can show us how to improve them.

Do you know what we'd like to do with the President?

Give him a month at the fo'c'sle!

Where's the Water?

Soberton, in Hampshire, is only two miles from the waterworks. But its thousands of inhabitants have to rely on wells and a river which practically dries up in summer.

Council has talked for years about laying on a supply—just talked.

Now 5,000 troops are under canvas there for a few weeks. Pipes have been laid to the camp—but will be taken up when the soldiers leave.

The inhabitants can go thirsty for all officialdom cares.

"Grid" Wanted

Yes, and there are Sobertons all over the country.

Great towns that have to ration "Adam's ale" in dry weather. Villages with no water at all—or filthy stuff that trickles through burial grounds or is drawn from stagnant ponds.

Give every district adequate supplies! Fuse the many thousands of private water companies! Build up a national water grid as we have built the electricity grid!

Needless Suffering

Let us have a really national hospital service also!

We are proud to tell you, in our new series, of great hospitals that are accomplishing miracles.

But 50,000 people are enduring needless suffering because of the lack of hospital accommodation. Fifty thousand in pain, waiting for operations or medical treatment!

Are lives so cheap that they should be left in jeopardy?

NAVY MAKES A "BARGAIN"

CITY corporations are joining private landlords in holding the nation to ransom.

We have already told you how incredible sums are being obtained for waste land needed for aerodromes.

Now Portsmouth has tried the game—and had its bluff called.

Admiralty wants to build a signal school near the city.

The Corporation demanded £72,000 for the site—£1,800 an acre, even discussed £3,000 an acre!

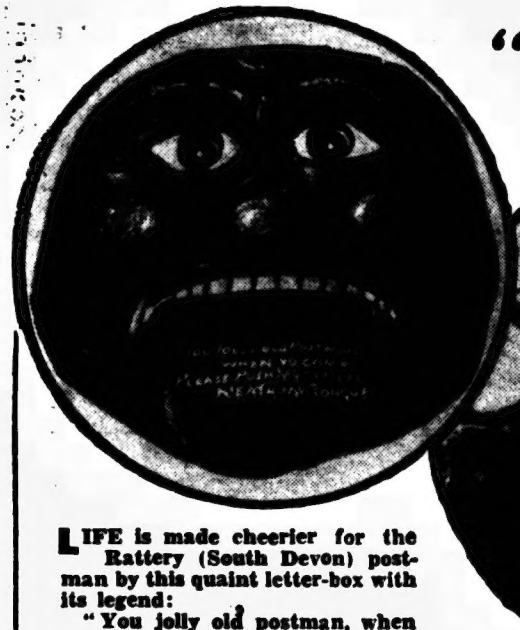
The land is undrained, derelict except for allotments. And it was actually sold by the Admiralty to the city some years ago for very little.

So the Admiralty refused to buy it back at that preposterous figure, offered its original price, plus a modest 100 per cent.

Eventually the Corporation saw the red light, having lost the Empire Air Base to Southampton after two years' haggling, and is accepting the ample price of £27,161 fixed by its own City Treasurer.

Pretty story, isn't it?

"I SAW IT ON HOLIDAY"



LIFE is made cheerier for the Rattery (South Devon) postman by this quaint letter-box with its legend:

"You jolly old postman, when you come,
Please push my letters 'neath my tongue."

Stephen S. Pethybridge, "Hillside," 10, Abbotsbury Road, Newton Abbot, S. Devon.

CARVED out of stone as hard as the wall itself, and staring glassily down the main street at Alveston, Gloucester, this bull marks the residence of the local butcher.—H. G. Vowles, 168, Sefton Park Road, Ashley Down, Bristol.

THREE of these bronze pedestals were put outside Bristol's Exchange in the seventeenth century. They were given the name "Nails." At the conclusion of every transaction, money was paid out across them.

Now you know the meaning of the phrase "Cash on the nail."—Miss M. Vincent, 5, Cotham Road, Bristol.

I SAW this ancient horse modernised to modern traffic conditions at Leipzig, Germany.

How confidently his master trotted him along—and to what an unholy crashing of accoutrements!—E. Richardson, Villiers House, Villiers Road, West Bridgford, Notts.

VOICE of the PEOPLE

STOP the iron hand of industrialism from robbing us of rural beauty. Let us replant our forests.

Give every town and city its green belt. Let's have retreat from the turmoil of everyday life.—Monica Bennett, Woodlands, Powke Lane, Blackheath.

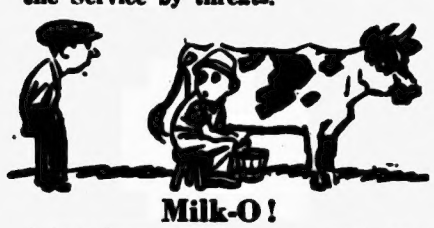
Apart from London County Council's green belt scheme, reafforestation in this country is solely concerned with supplying trees for timber purposes. We've always regretted that Government's tree-planting scheme doesn't take natural beauty into account.

He Shows the Way

A British employer has just asked a son of mine to choose between his job and going to camp with the Territorials.

A Swiss employer has told another son, who is also a Territorial: "I'm only too pleased to give you what leave of absence you like to attend camp."—W. E. B. Willis, 1, Campbell Close, Kempston, Bedford.

Hats off to the Swiss. He believes in the liberty of the subject, unlike employers who either bar their men the Territorials or conscript them into the Service by threats.



Milk-O!

A lad from the city has just been standing by my side as I milked a cow.

He had never seen a cow milked before.

"Coo," he said, when I had finished, "let's see you turn the milk on again!"—R. Henry, Ballybollen, Ahoghill, Co. Antrim, N. Ireland.

Puzzle This Out

If "A" pushed "B" over a cliff, and "B" rested uninjured on a ledge until the middle of the night, when he slipped over accidentally and fell to his death, would the verdict be murder, manslaughter, or accidental death?—Mrs. Whiteoak, 11, Union Square, Skipton, Yorks.

Murder. But if "A" repented and lowered a rope to "B" with a view to rescuing him, and "B" was killed through the breaking of the rope, the verdict would be attempted murder.

The law would find "A" guilty of putting "B's" life in jeopardy—but obviously could not hold him to blame for an accident resulting from his efforts to take "B" out of jeopardy.

The Children Pay

My husband has found work after a long period of unemployment. We have taken our three children (seven, three and six months) on their first holiday.

Because the coach-driver had a white coat, our three-year-old thought how kind the "doctor" was to take us.

And when I announced that we had to go back home the eldest said: "Why? Is daddy out of work again?"—"New Registered Reader." 26, Albemarle Street, Moss Side, Manchester, 4.

Quite . . .

"The time is *now almost exactly about* five seconds to eleven o'clock."

Those are the words I heard over National the other night.

Why not "the correct time is—" and done with it?—H. Jackson, 53, Barnardiston Road, Sheffield, 9.

"The correct time is ——" would be equally incorrect. If it were incorrect, it would not be the time.

Yes, They're Human!

I have found a *joke* in the dictionary! A good joke at that.

It appears in "Chambers' 20th Century Dictionary." Here it is:

Vocab'ulist, a lexicographer, the harmless drudge who compiles a dictionary.—Mr. V. G. Neeve, 7, Bulwark Row, Deal, Kent.

Even a lexicographer can be human.

The Law's Duty

"Your worships, I do not wish to press the charge."

Why do so many people who prosecute a man use these words?

And what the dickens can it mean?—D. T., Sowerby Bridge, Yorks.

When once the police have preferred a charge the case must go on. The magistrates alone can permit it to be withdrawn. They may treat a request of the kind as a plea for mercy—but their duty is to decide on the evidence, and the evidence alone.

Too Many Parties

Parliament, with its 600 Members, is split into a few outstanding groups.

Not so our local council of twelve members.

No two men agree on more than half-a-dozen of the hundreds of issues that crop up.—J. S. A., Cheshire.

Parliament's 600 Members would behave in the same way—if Party executives didn't keep a tight hand on the reins. We'd like to see more of them voting with the other side when their consciences dictated it.

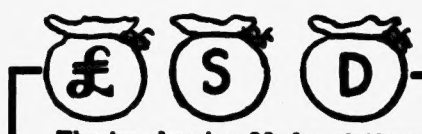
Now We Know

Ever since I left school more than 30 years ago, the population of China has been 400,000,000.

I have never heard of this number increasing or—despite catastrophes that have killed millions—being reduced. One wonders why?—J. Cummings, 232, Picton Road, Liverpool.

Delightful the courteous reply of the ever-courteous Chinese Embassy:

"We have always ourselves given that figure of 400,000,000. We do not wish to mislead, but it must be approximate. A very eminent French gentleman who has made a study of our hinterland notified us a few weeks ago that it cannot be more than 350,000,000. We would therefore agree for you to put the figure as something between 350,000,000 and 400,000,000."



They're charging 3d. for platform tickets at Queen Street Station, Glasgow.

Excuse given to me by station officials: "Glasgow people are apt to make a promenade of the station."—J. S. B., Wilton Street, Glasgow.

* * *

Everybody's talking once again about the money we owe America.

In the sixties, when I was a boy, we used to talk about the money America owed us, which she never paid. Popular song of the day:

Yankee doodle borrowed brass,
Yankee doodle spent it.
Yankee doodle cocked a snoot
And mocked the fool who lent it.

S. H. Brooks, "Rippleside," Newtown, Mockbeggar, Ringwood, Hants.

* * *

Suspiciously, the cashier of the Brighton kinema put my half-crown in the patent testing device.

I heard an ominous crack of breaking metal. My heart sank. But it was the tester that broke.—E. B., Crawley.

Belisha's Bustle

Make Hore-Belisha Minister of Labour. He did a lot as Minister of Transport. Now see what he's doing for the Army.

The army of out-of-works would at least expect *and get* something from this man who doesn't let things stand still.—S. F. Elliott, 305, Woodham Road, South Benfleet, Essex.

Leslie is apt to do the generous thing. Perhaps that's why they keep him as far away as possible from meddling with unemployment.

What's in a Name?

All within the Church of England, I have met High Churchmen, Low Churchmen, Modern Churchmen, Moderates. Then there is the Liberal Evangelical and Strictly Evangelical.

Now, in a Church of England journal, I read a vicar's advertisement for a curate—must be an "undiluted Catholic."

These titles must be legion.—Fred Gibson, 50, Church Street, Cannock.

War-time Army trick, when you wanted to dodge church parade—and many soldiers who really liked church service preferred to walk there civilian fashion—was to say you were a Calothumpian. You'd be allowed to find your own way to the church of your choice—if it acted.

Write To Us . . .

We want to know what you are thinking about. Interesting things you've seen. Interesting things you've done.

So write to the "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published, and an extra 10s. 6d. if we use your own drawing or photograph illustrating the letter. And there are other pages where your co-operation is cordially welcomed—pages where you can help us to help you.

Sir Wyndham Childs .... Page 15
Greatest of These— .... Page 22
Human Documents ..... Page 32
True Story ..... Page 34

You Can't Be Too Careful About FOOD!

EVERY summer brings its crop of cases of food poisoning.

This year is no exception. The latest available figure is 490 cases notified in London alone.

"Notified" is an important word.

Thousands of people suffer a passing bout of sickness vaguely put down to "something we've eaten," and which they never notify.

It is commonly believed that the prevalence of food poisoning in summer is due to the fact that more tinned foods are consumed in summer than in winter.

Statistics prove that tinned foods account for comparatively few cases of poisoning, and that the majority of cases are caused by so-called "fresh" foodstuffs.

A Ministry of Health memorandum on this subject states that "it should be remembered that milk, eggs and made-up meat dishes are at least as likely to be responsible as more popularly suspect articles such as canned foods."

Of the 490 notified cases, 162, or one-third, were directly traced to the consumption of bad meat, 134 were caused by miscellaneous "fresh" foodstuffs, and 111 by fish.

Only ten cases were traceable to tinned meat.

★ Every year an average of no fewer than 5,667 people die in England from enteritis and kindred complaints—a death-roll exceeded only by those scourges—tuberculosis and influenza.

Considering the condition of a vast number of butchers' shops, fried fish shops and small general stores, and the state of the food sold in them, the wonder is not that there are so many casualties, but that there are not more.

The only reason why the number of cases of sickness and death is not higher is that the human body can accustom itself to bacteria and toxins that would kill someone who had not grown used to them from infancy.

Mothers buy the best they can afford. In far too many cases all they can afford is food that is probably no longer fit for human consumption.

Consider the following extracts from the Chief Medical Officer's report on the state of the Public Health.

Criticising existing methods of meat inspection he writes:—

"Whilst most authorities realise the importance of adequate meat inspection, and the need for this skilled work to be carried out by adequately trained inspectors, many authorities are unable to make sufficient provision for this at reasonable cost. . . .

★ "The benefit to the district of appointing meat and food inspectors possessing a meat inspector's certificate is soon shown by an increase in the quantity of diseased meat condemned.

"It is not unreasonable to assume that most of this meat would otherwise have been consumed; probably in the form of meat pies, sausages, or similar made-up dishes offered by local shops.

"Investigations have also been made into certain deliberate attempts by unscrupulous butchers and dealers to sell for food meat unfit for human consumption."

The seriousness of this state of things is shown in the light of the following admissions:—

"Existing conditions are such as to make difficult both adequate inspection of home-killed meat and the detection of dishonest practices. . . .

"Many authorities find it difficult to keep a close watch on home-killed meat brought into the district from outside.

"A borough has instituted a system which has been found to work smoothly, and has resulted in the detection of an appreciable quantity of diseased meat. . . ."

Notice, in one single borough they have contrived to detect "an appreciable quantity of diseased meat."

What of the hundreds of other boroughs where they have no system, and how many thousands of tons of diseased meat are sold to consumers as a result?

★ Consider the position in London, where local administration is probably better than in most towns, and certainly better than in rural districts.

There are 419 sanitary inspectors in the Metropolitan area.

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

About a hundred of them are food inspectors whose special job is to administrate the various Food and Drugs Acts designed to protect the public.

Not only is this number insufficient to control effectively the 101,300 shops in London, but in some cases the inspectors are slack.

Not long ago information was laid against a small general shop in a Central London borough.

The place was in a state of indescribable filth. Cockroaches were crawling about in the jam jars on the counter.

A member of the council who visited the place was sick when he came out.

The proprietor was prosecuted and the inspector was pleased with himself. He had little cause to be.

That shop had not got into that state overnight.

For months, and probably years, it had been going on.

Yet this shop was on the inspector's territory and should have been examined by him as a matter of routine at least every week.

It is impossible to walk 200 yards through any busy shopping district without seeing and smelling glaring cases of infraction of the Food Laws.

"In England the standard of cleanliness is fifty years behind that of America . . ."

Everyone, even those who can afford to pay high prices, has to put up with such conditions because the standard of cleanliness in most English shops is 50 years behind the accepted standards elsewhere.

In America all meat, fish and poultry is kept in refrigerated glass counters where no flies, dust or dirty hands can get at them.

Salesmen wear clean white overalls, aprons and caps which have to be changed every day.

Floors, walls and all utensils are always scoured thoroughly every day.

Not so in England.

Every business makes allowance for a certain percentage of loss, but too often dealers in perishable foods would rather jeopardise the health of their customers than cut their profits.

It has been known that English meat, which could no longer be sold at its original price because it was too far gone, has been heaped with frozen meat and sold for threepence or fourpence a pound.

Many people would hesitate to give it to their dogs, but mothers with large families have to buy that or go without.

They would, of course, do better to go without, but they say, "made up in a stew you don't taste it."

★ Fish that has started to cry its staleness to heaven is reduced to a quarter of its normal price when the only place for it is the incinerator.

Some fishmongers treat their fish with ammonia, which keeps it from rotting, and in this state of suspended decay it is sold to fried fish shops.

Though no immediate serious harm may come from eating this food, it does not alter the fact that it is not fit for human consumption.

Local authorities go to a lot of trouble hounding shopkeepers for footling infractions of idiotic sections of the Shop Hours Acts.

They will fine a man £10 for selling half a pound of bacon after hours, but they consistently turn a blind eye to the fact that the bacon is bad and the machine that cuts it filthy.

It is time the Ministry of Health gingered up the standards of local food inspectors, and took the necessary steps to ensure that the public health is properly safeguarded by efficient inspection, not only in factories but in retail shops.

HANNEN SWAFFER'S NEW 'WHO'S WHO'

"OUR GRACIE"

Drawing by George Whitelaw

YES, you have seen Gracie Fields on the stage, all of you. You have heard her on the air. You may have been in one of the crowds that, everywhere, follow her.

"When will she retire?" you ask. "She must be a rich woman."

Well, Gracie Fields may earn £50,000 or more for each picture she makes. She may often earn £1,400 in a week at music-halls. Her gramophone songs may bring in vast sums, for over a million Gracie Fields records were sold last year. Then there are her commercial broadcasting fees, higher than those paid to any British artist.

All this caused so much talk that when Gracie was in Hollywood, not many months ago, Mae West got angry when she read that Gracie earned more money than any other artist in the world.

But Gracie, after all, cannot retire on less than £10,000 a year. This would mean that, allowing for taxation, she must have nearly £500,000 saved, for it would have to be invested in gilt-edged securities, safe but unremunerative.

And of every £1 she earns, 12s. has to be paid as income-tax.

Gracie is not unduly extravagant as artists go. But after all the excitement of the life she has led, her friends advise her to save an income of £10,000 a year. She has various commitments, people to look after, and an orphanage which costs her £2,000 a year at least, and for which she is now saving so that an endowment of £50,000 will guarantee its future.

With this aim, she puts on one side all the sums paid for the use of her name commercially.

Help for Orphans

Even if she opens a cinema and is paid 250 guineas, the cheque is made out to her orphanage. She never touches it. When, a few weeks back, she christened a baby elephant in Tywrhitt Drake's private zoo, and the public paid to go in, Gracie drew half the money—£98—for the Orphanage.

Incidentally, Gracie went on that afternoon to sing at Borstal, near by. Nobody pays to go in there.

Now that is one side of Gracie Fields' career It is carefully organised by Bert Aza, her manager, done regularly with ledgers and a proper accountancy.

The other Gracie is the one we all know—eager to help, loving it, in fact, or she could not do it, the idol of the people from whom she sprang and to whom she still belongs.

Regularly every week between 200 and 300 appeals arrive, begging for free appearances for charities, of which, Bert Aza has worked out, there are more than 80,000 in the country. She could spend ten lifetimes, all at once, in doing this.

Always she makes up her mind erratically. She will do it, or she won't. It's all just "charity" to her, whatever they call it. Often she has gone on the stage without knowing what it was all about. All she knew was that she was helping a "charity."

"Ten different artistes, whose hair has changed only once . . ."

Now, why has all this glory come to a simple mill-girl? I knew the first night I ever saw her. In the morning I had never heard her name. I wrote next day a long eulogy.

"Her dancing might be improved," I said, "and I don't like the way she does her hair. But you have no idea of the haunting memory she leaves in your mind when you see her act. . . . Gifts which amount to those of genius show her as a Beatrice Lillie, Florence Mills, Ethel Levey and Nellie Wallace all rolled into one."

It was not till five years afterwards that the West End thought as I did. Gracie had not even read what I wrote. She merely went back to the provinces, being a sensible girl, and did her job.

Strangely enough, I have been with Gracie, often by coincidence, in nearly all the big adventures of her life.

I first met her the night Gerald du Maurier had engaged her as his leading lady in a serious play at the St. James's Theatre.

I sat with her discussing, day after day, her dreaded appearance at the Palace, New York, upset because silly people advised her wrong when she got there.

Town's Queen

I once blundered into Blackpool to find her literally Queen of the town, making, in the streets and squares, in the Tower Ballroom and on the Pleasure Beach. "Sing As We Go," the film which annoyed Blackpool because it showed it in the raw, life in the cheap lodging-houses.

That week Gracie held up the entire town. They stopped the trains coming in so that they could more easily photograph the arrival of the crowds. They held up the traffic in the main streets so that she could arrive on a bicycle in shorts. They put at her service a tram-car which blocked the way for all the others.

Little did the 30,000 people who saw Gracie arrive at Blackpool to make the picture know that when, as a small girl, a mill-worker, she used to go to that seaside resort for a modest holiday, she actually tried to get one of the free tickets offered to the poor children of Rochdale.

"I wasn't quite poor enough," she said, "so I had to pay."

That week the Chief Constable actually went into the police court in a great hurry.

"We want to be off quickly this morning," he told the magistrates, "because everyone wants to see Gracie making her film."

I hope they let the prisoners off to save time.

On the previous day he had actually backed an application that, on the night Gracie was to be filmed in the Tower Ballroom, the bars should be open till midnight, and when somebody asked: "Won't there be too much drinking?" he replied: "No, they'll be watching her making her picture."

I remember her, too, making her own dress for her first appearance before the King and Queen, and I saw her sudden appearance, after scarcely any rehearsals, in "Topsy and Eva," in which she acted Topsy because one of the Duncan Sisters had fallen ill, and it was the only way to save the show.

Royal Honours

Then I went specially to Rochdale to see Gracie made the first woman freeman of her native town, which gave her a welcome which no king's visit could excel in frenzy. When I drove in the Mayor's car with Gracie and the Mayoress through the streets it was like a Royal pilgrimage.

Yet that night Gracie slept, as she always does in Rochdale, over the off-licence shop run by her old friend Bertha Schofield, with whom Gracie's mother used to go to the Band of Hope. Bertha sells beer, but she doesn't drink it.

Then one night when she called in the office I breathed to her that the King had made her a C.B.E.—"my medal," as Gracie called it.

On the night of the day that the King decorated her, when Gracie was really flustered for the first time, her knees knocking, she invited me to a party of a score of her most intimate friends.

Mrs. Schofield, watching the dancers throwing themselves about in the Dorchester cabaret, turned to me and said: "I may sell beer for a living, but I'd rather sell beer than do *that*." The Fields and their old friends were not used to the "swell" places.

Gracie doesn't mind doing "that." When rehearsing for "S.O.S." with du Maurier and polished West End stars, she turned a cartwheel on the stage, to their disgust, only to endear herself to them at the end.

Coming away from the St. James's to have tea with me, she said: "I don't like being posh." "Posh" meant the swagger stuff, so unfamiliar to Gracie that, taken into the Savoy one night, she asked for a port and lemonade. That is a Blackpool idea of luxury.

When she entertained Lord Stanley on the Palladium stage it was to a hot-pot dinner. When the Lord Chief Justice, proud of their Lancashire origin, invited her to see him at his court, she made him go instead to see her making pictures at the studio.

Ten in One

Gracie, on the stage, is ten different artistes. Her face changes every other minute. Her hair has only changed once—when, returning from South Africa, she appeared with golden locks.

"Look what the sun's done to me," she said, laughing away, at Chiswick, the audience's surprise at her transformation.

Going on the stage, Gracie never knows what she is going to sing, or how she is going to sing it. Her poor accompanist suddenly finds her making her "noises," as she calls them. Noises which, made when she sang "The Lost Chord" or "Bethlehem" as a child, used to annoy her mother so much that she got a sudden slap and was told to "shoot oop."

Yet nothing can "shoot oop" Gracie. She is "Our Gracie" to millions and millions of people.

At the "Royal," the impartial sympathy of doctors and nurses has won over even the underworld

DRAMAS of the GREAT HOSPITALS

By a "John Bull" Special Investigator

GANGSTERS *Guard these* DOCTORS

A BOY of six was brought into the Royal Infirmary, Glasgow's most famous hospital, suffering from facial injury. The nurses described him to me as "a handful—and no mistake."

They said he was just about the "toughest" kid they had known. Wouldn't remove his cap in the ward. Wouldn't take his hands out of his pockets.

Wouldn't stop frowning at all and sundry. Just wouldn't behave anyhow except badly.

A regular little terror, as one sister said.

"You can't make *me* do anything!" this amiable piece of precocity exclaimed when a doctor started to examine him. "I'm a gang-leader, I am. See?"

It was no mere nursery boast, either.

He was a gang-leader, that kid. He had forty boys under his control, some older than himself, and they were the terror of their neighbourhood.

The Only One

They had organised themselves strictly on the lines of their elders in the Glasgow gang game.

More than once he and his followers had made things hot for those, including grown-ups, who opposed their will.

I have been visiting a number of hospitals for JOHN BULL in widely varying districts. That story could only have come out of Glasgow's Royal Infirmary.

No one in the hospital would admit it, but I was told privately by a doctor that the "Royal," as it is affectionately known all over Scotland, can claim to be the only hospital on this side of the Atlantic to enjoy (if that is the word) gang protection.

Glasgow's gang fights have brought casualties to the Royal for many years.

The impartial sympathy and aid of the doctors and nurses have always made a great impression on the gangs.

This doctor told me that on many occasions when members of the medical staff of nurses have had to go into the gang districts they have been discreetly followed by men concerned to keep them out of trouble.

A colleague of his, called to attend a confinement case, was shadowed by a "rough," who was on the point of assaulting him with intention to rob, when the "thug" was knocked out by three men who mysteriously came on the scene at that moment.

The Royal is Glasgow's own hospital in a special sense.

Nearly £30,000 of its annual income is provided by the poor people themselves—a fine tribute.

Perhaps that explains why at the present time the Royal is taking in more patients than its staff can cope with.

Glasgow's sick and injured like to think that the Royal has a bed waiting for them.

As I saw, it does its utmost, but the strain on the staff, not to say on the finances, is now almost too great.

The Royal does not like to turn anyone away. Soon it will have no alternative.

They are laughing there just now about a woman patient who was most indignant because a new young doctor, who had just come into the ward, had examined the women on each side of her bed and had passed her over.

"But, Mrs. ——," expostulated the nurse responsible for the case, "you don't need to be examined. The doctor knows what's wrong with you."

"That's as may be," retorted the patient. "But he's a nice-looking boy is yon doctor—and I didna come here to be disappointed."

His Annual Gift

The Matron told me that she was expecting a call from a little, bent-double old man who at intervals hands her a ten-shilling note, usually a very grubby one, in gratitude for some service rendered him by the hospital many years ago.

What exactly it was he will not say.

He is very poor, and the donation represents months of pinching and scraping and doing-without.

Recently, the Matron told me, a little girl of three was being shown a picture-book while having her leg dressed after an operation.

"There," said the nurse who was looking after her, "you see that little girl in the picture isn't crying, is she?"

Perfect Answer

The small patient's answer is still being recounted delightedly among the huge nursing staff at the Royal.

It is one of the most brilliant bits of child repartee I have ever heard.

"I wouldna be crying, either, if I was made of paper," she said.

Here let me say that nowhere have I met more impressively gentle, sympathetic and capable members of the great nursing profession than in this hospital.

To be sure, the same type exists in other hospitals, but these sisters of Glasgow's Royal have about them an air which I can but describe as saintly competence.

That will make them smile deprecatingly, I know: they do not want such things written about them, they would say.

But I would like to pay them my respects in print, clumsy as the attempt may be.

The story I like best was told me by a former member of the medical staff who lives in the city.

An old lady was brought in with a wasting disease from which she could not recover.

She was visited regularly by her two prosperous sons and their wives, who invariably hurt her feelings by limiting their visits to no more than a few minutes at a time.

They didn't know it, but almost always after they left the old lady broke down.

"When they were young and needed me," she cried, "I never said I'd only stay a few minutes—I watched over them day and night, if need be.

"Why, when they had measles I nursed them myself for weeks! And now I'm ill they can only find a few minutes a week to come here and see me!"

One day the doctor found a stranger sitting by her bed. He stayed as long as was permitted, and begged for more time with her in future. This was granted.

When he had gone, after this first visit, the old lady, her eyes gleaming with happiness, explained to the doctor that the new caller was her third son—the black sheep of the family.

Sought Forgiveness

He had been in Canada for years, and had come home unexpectedly—to ask for his mother's forgiveness.

As he did not want to meet his brothers and their families, his return had to be kept secret—and it was.

He spent hours by the old woman's bed, holding her hand, saying nothing.

And so it went on until she died—happy.

Dr. I. M. Grant, superintendent of the Royal, spoke to me of the instances of gratitude to the hospital recorded from time to time.

One grateful patient was so poor that all he had to offer the hospital in return for its care of him was his pocket-knife, which he insisted on handing over.

His act so moved the other patients in the ward that they had a whip-round among themselves to provide him with a little good cheer when he left.

And lastly, the story of the old woman who had been knocked down and hurried to the hospital by ambulance.

She was seriously hurt, but her sole concern was not for her badly crushed leg, which she seemed likely to lose, but whether or not they were taking her to the Royal Infirmary.

When she realised that the Royal was indeed her destination, she smiled radiantly and exclaimed: "I don't care now what they do. I wouldn't mind dying in the Royal!"

The end of that story is that she lived and retained her leg, as a result of a most skilful surgical operation.

Hard Worked

Having told of the episode I must, in justice to a terribly hard-driven medical and nursing staff, repeat that at the present time treatment at the Royal, in Glasgow, is too popular.

As Dr. Grant said, the place is almost bulging with patients.

I noticed that it is one of the characteristics of the Royal staff that the emphasis is on the lighter side of hospital work rather than on the tense.

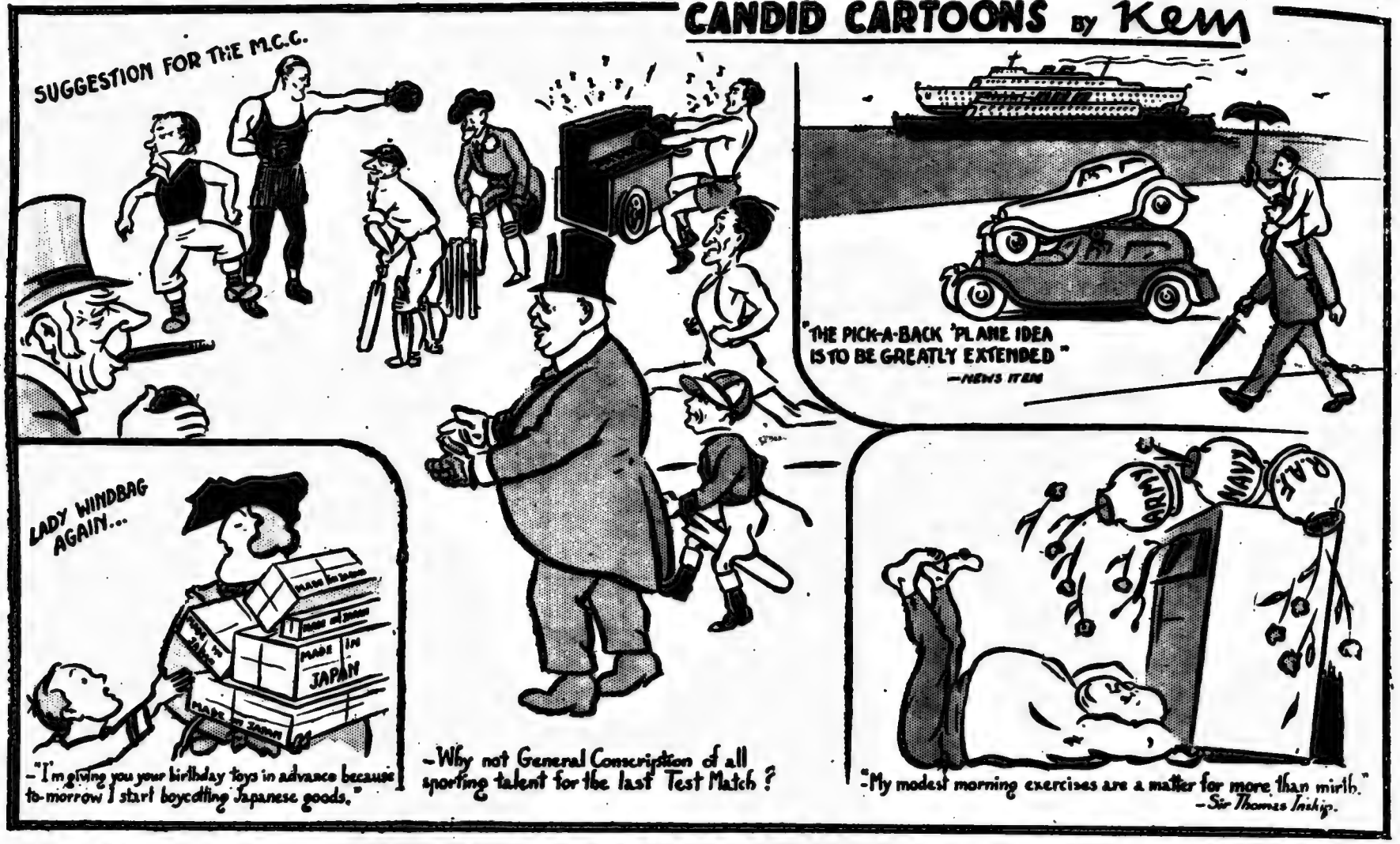
Even the girl who was scrubbing the corridor floors was singing at her wearisome task.

Within these walls the great Lord Lister, whose theory of antiseptics changed the course of surgery throughout the world, did his best and most exciting researches.

That fact, I was assured, remains an inspiration to all, high and low, who give their service and skill and patience to the Royal.

NEXT WEEK: HULL ROYAL INFIRMARY

CANDID CARTOONS By Kem


SUGGESTION FOR THE M.C.C.
"THE PICK-A-BACK 'PLANE IDEA IS TO BE GREATLY EXTENDED"
—NEWS ITEM
LADY WINDBAG AGAIN...
MADE IN JAPAN
—"I'm giving you your birthday toys in advance because to-morrow I start boycotting Japanese goods."
—Why not General Conscription of all sporting talent for the last Test Match?
ARMY
NAVY
AIR
"My modest morning exercises are a matter for more than mirth."
—Sir Thomas Inskip.

Open Letters

Mr. D. R. WILSON,
Chief Inspector of Factories

DEAR SIR,—Cheating of piece-workers is shockingly prevalent, judging by my postbag. So the 1,500 cases of under-payment you have found in the last twelve months, mainly in the textile trade, can only represent a tiny proportion of the whole.

I hear that your inspectors have been instructed to make more frequent visits and to ask employees for complaints

But I know that thousands of factories do not get even one visit a year, and if I had my way I'd double your staff.—JOHN BULL.

Alderman F. S. WAGNER,
Mayor of Malden, Surrey

YOUR WORSHIP,—What on earth's the good of giving people new houses if they have to starve themselves to afford the rent?

Yet overcrowded families who are to be rehoused in your borough complain that rents will be 8s. to 15s. a week higher than in their old houses.

One man tells me that his wages are £2 14s. His present rent is 15s.; how can he afford nearly double that without depriving himself, wife and five young children of food?

I regret that the council has refused to see a deputation. Surely it's your duty to heed the grievances of those you represent?—JOHN BULL.

Mr. P. B. SKEELS,
East Ham Coroner

DEAR SIR,—The cases linked with the names of Mr Sandys, M.P., and Mr. Mullins, the magistrate, are merely the latest of a whole series of "hush-hush" attempts.

You are adding to them—but in a way I admire.

Because you say it contained an accusation it would be unfair to broadcast, you have not read aloud a letter left by a man who committed suicide.

I wish all coroners refrained from delving into personal affairs and giving publicity to the grudges harboured by unbalanced minds.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. MORGAN PHILLIPS, M.P.,
Agricultural Expert

DEAR MR. PHILLIPS,—It should be obvious that the best way to brighten Britain is to light it. Our authorities, however, seem to have cobwebs in their brains and blinkers over their eyes.

As you say, every village should be fully electrified, from cottage to church, with cables to neighbouring farmsteads. Cheap current would not only prove a boon to countryfolk, but develop rural industries and agricultural production.

May you persuade the Council of Agriculture to make this possible.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. ERNEST BROWN,
Minister of Labour

DEAR SIR,—Some factory workers are getting a fortnight's holiday—without pay. However hard hit they may be, they cannot get the "dole."

That's bad enough. But former workers in the same factories, stood off weeks ago, are losing a fortnight's benefit because they too are reckoned as being on holiday!

Plainly a mistake. But an inexcusable one.—JOHN BULL.

Lord SNELL,
National Council of Social Service

MY LORD,—Glad to hear that occupational clubs are booming.

They must not distract attention from the State's duty to provide work for the unemployed, but none can disparage the value of their voluntary efforts to help workless people and their dependants, and the relief they offer from loneliness.

There are now nearly 1,500 of these clubs, and it's gratifying that they are gaining more employed members.

No doubt about it, they can aid a man as much when he's in a job as when he is out of it.—JOHN BULL.

Lord STANHOPE,
President, Board of Education

MY LORD,—Can you not persuade local education authorities to give youngsters a better chance when starting out in life?

Last week I told how the demand for young workers now outstrips the supply. That is certainly true of the country as a whole. But while many towns are vainly seeking beginners, others temporarily have more than they can place.

Just because so many children leave school at the same time.

Eventually they will all be absorbed, of course. But meanwhile many will spend weeks in job-hunting—an ordeal that could be avoided if school-leaving was staggered to meet local demands.

It's nonsense to pretend that this could not be arranged without undue fuss, and I hope you'll give education committees a straight tip.—JOHN BULL.

Dr. EDITH SUMMERSKILL, M.P.,
London, N.

DEAR DOCTOR,—Thanks for stressing the fact that every week forty-five women die in childbirth

Officialdom has frowned on my campaign for safer motherhood. Much ado about nothing, it said.

Yet the recent report of an official committee admits that half the deaths are preventable, even though the toll is slowly falling.

Until this disgrace is ended you will, I know, go on fighting for better medical services. So shall I.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. S. P. OWENS,
Scholes Council School, Yorks.

DEAR HEADMASTER,—I like your cheek. Failing to stop parents doing their children's homework, you are starting a night school to teach them English and modern methods of arithmetic!

I wish it success, for it should not merely help them to do their youngsters' lessons more easily but prove useful in business.—JOHN BULL.

Rev. T. G. MANLY,
St. George's Church, Gt. Yarmouth

REVEREND SIR,—Your ban on a church football club is being defied, and I'm not sorry.

Of course, you're right in saying that games are not the ordained means of spreading the faith, but who said they were? The point is that the Church, if it is to justify itself, should be part of the ordinary life of the people.—JOHN BULL.

Telegrams

MINISTER OF HEALTH: Glad two-thirds England and Wales now under planning control. While tackling the rest, give us national parks promised years ago.—JOHN BULL.

N.S.P.C.C.: Despite your warnings and mine, countrywide increase in number of parents who leave children alone at night. Such mental cruelty should be made punishable offence!—JOHN BULL.

WORTHING MAGISTRATES: Shall watch with interest your special holiday camp for boys on probation as attempt to reduce juvenile crime.—JOHN BULL.

IS THE TIDE ON THE TURN?

Lord Samuel rightly appeals for the removal of obstacles to Anglo-American friendship—

—and America, led by President Roosevelt, knows that its future marches with ours

By A. G. GARDINER

IN taking a bird's-eye view of the world to-day, a note of cautious cheerfulness may be allowed to creep in.

The tide cannot be said to have turned, but there are signs that it may be turning.

Let us take stock of some of the outstanding facts and portents.

First, the apprehensions about August are rapidly passing. The closest students of German omens—and they are the ones that count—held that this would be the critical month of the year.

If the crash came, it would come with the gathering of the German harvest. If it did not come, then the danger point of this year would be survived.

It has not come, and every day that passes strengthens the hope that it will not come.

The chief storm centre in Europe is still Czechoslovakia. But since the British warning in May that we could not be disinterested in the fate of that country, the menace of a German swoop like that in Austria has been held in check.

And Lord Runciman's mission of mediation at Prague now in progress may bridge the gap between what the Czech Government will grant and what the Sudeten Germans—*i.e.*, Hitler—will take.

★ Meanwhile it is much that peace has been preserved so far.

The other danger point was the Russo-Japanese conflict in Manchuria. All along this seemed to me to be diplomatic manœuvring in force rather than the threat of serious war.

Russia does not want war. Japan has her hands too full in China to want war.

So much for the immediate danger spots. Turn to the wider field of events. It is here that the cautious cheerfulness I speak of may be indulged in.

There are two aspects from which those events may be considered. The one is the point of view of the aggressive Powers. The other is that of the peace Powers.

Take the predatory Powers first. Germany, Italy and Japan have openly renounced the policy of collective peace and have resorted to Power politics—that is, the argument of force.

Through the Berlin-Rome-Tokyo axis they aim at world dominion and world dictatorship.

Their early successes were great. They caught the peace powers "on the wrong foot," as they say in tennis—unprepared and disunited.

First Japan defied the League and invaded Manchuria. Mussolini followed with the invasion of Abyssinia, and Hitler with the seizure of Austria.

The authority of the League was shattered and the "axis" Powers proceeded to greater adventures.

Mussolini and Hitler set out to make Spain, the key to the Mediterranean, an outpost of the Fascist "axis" and Japan embarked on the conquest of China.

So far Power politics seemed to have the world at its feet.

But a change has come over the scene. It is this change which has delayed the next stroke, that which has been hovering for months over Czechoslovakia.

The change is due to the discovery that there are limits to what even the horrors of mechanised warfare can do in conquering relatively unarmed peoples.

Franco, the creature of Mussolini and Hitler, has been massacring his unhappy countrymen — women and children, friends and foes alike—with German and Italian bombs for twenty-six months and he has still not bombed them into surrender.

He looked for victory in three months. He is in the third year of his war and the end is still not in sight.

And when it is reached it will not be the end that he and his co-conspirators looked for.

The experience of the hyenas of Japan in China has been even more disappointing.

They were going to bring the Chinese to their knees in the course of weeks. They are in the second year of their devilries, only to find, as the famous author of "The Good Earth," Pearl Buck—whose knowledge of China is probably unrivalled—has said, that they have "lost the war."

They may kill and kill and kill, and the more they kill the more complete their ultimate failure will be.

They are bogged and morassed in a wilderness from which they cannot escape. They have achieved the miracle of creating a united China and against that vast fact they will hammer in vain.

This is one great change of the outlook—one ground for a cautious cheerfulness.

It marks the failure of terrorism to subdue even an ill-armed people. It is a warning to the brigand Powers of the dangers of a conflict with nations as well equipped as themselves.

The agonies of the Spanish and the Chinese may yet save the Czechoslovakians and others from sharing them.

The other aspect of the change is that the democratic Powers are at last awake to the terrific menace that threatens them all alike.

We hold the seas as decisively as we ever held them, and that fact would govern the issue of a long war.

In the air we may assume that France and Britain—not to speak of other allies—have resources which would doom to failure a gamble on a short war of surprise, should that be resorted to.

And behind the defensive measures now so formidable the democratic nations have reserves of strength far beyond those at the command of the "axis" Powers, which are deficient both in money and material.

Above all, we have a cause which, in the hour of emergency, would summon to our aid every people on earth that loves freedom and free institution.

This applies not only to the world-wide confederation of democracies united under the British flag. It applies only in a lesser degree to the great democracy of the United States.

Not the least reason for what I have called a "cautious cheerfulness" is a remarkable pronouncement on the world situation in the *New York Times*, the leading organ of America, which concludes:

"In any ultimate test of strength between democracy and dictatorship, the good will and the moral support—and in the long run more likely than not the physical power—of the United States will be found on the side of those nations defending a way of life which is our own, and the only way of life which Americans believe to be worth living."

★ It is one of the weightiest guarantees of peace that the relations of Britain and the United States were never more cordial than they are to-day, and no effort should be spared to remove any lingering obstacle to a complete understanding.

For this reason, it is to be hoped that the protracted negotiations for a trade agreement will be brought to a prompt and satisfactory conclusion, and that Lord Samuel's urgent appeal for a solution of the war debt question will result in action by the Government.

In clearing the sky of the English-speaking world, we shall do more even than by the piling up of armaments, to make the peace of the world inviolable, and the gospel of physical force discredited.

MOTHERHOOD WITHOUT PAIN

MOTHERHOOD without pain will soon be possible all over Britain.

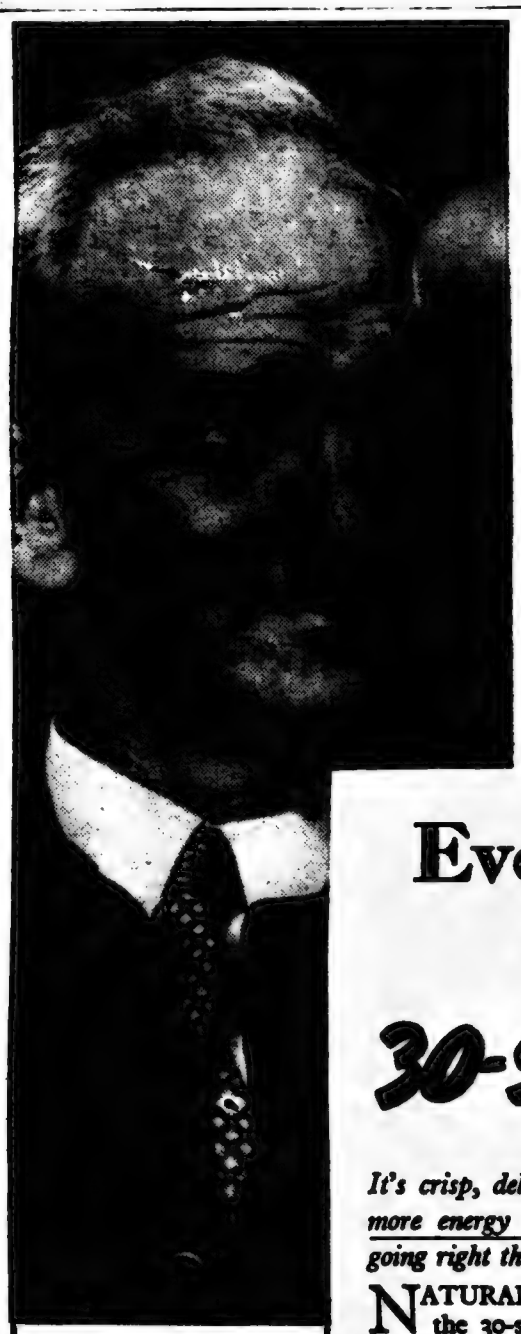
A £5 anæsthetic apparatus, which can be carried round in a bag by the district nurse, will reduce not only pain but also the risks of childbirth.

This apparatus, which the National Birthday Trust Fund will supply to all District Nursing Associations employing nurses qualified to administer gas, will be demonstrated at Woman's Fair, Olympia, in November.

The offer to Nursing Associations has been made possible by an appeal by Lady Baldwin.

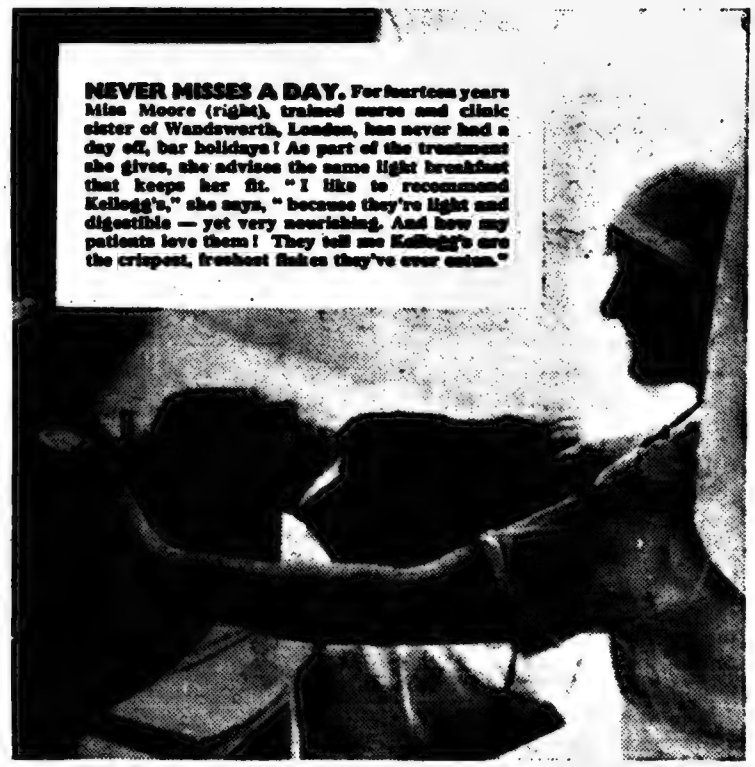
Gas cylinders to fit the machines will be supplied by a firm who will deliver to and collect from any address for 3s. 2d. per cylinder.

The average cost of gas per case works out at about 4s. 6d.



...Y WORK

No fumbling in this job! You need a deft touch and a sure one. Mr. Guy (above), electrician of Cardiff, says the 30-second breakfast keeps him going. "It's a grand breakfast to work on," he says. "And you get more energy out of Kellogg's. My wife likes to serve them because they're economical and save her time and trouble. I like them because they're really crisp."



NEVER MISSES A DAY. For fourteen years Miss Moore (right), trained nurse and clinic sister of Wandsworth, London, has never had a day off, bar holidays! As part of the treatment she gives, she advises the same light breakfast that keeps her fit. "I like to recommend Kellogg's," she says, "because they're light and digestible — yet very nourishing. And how my patients love them! They tell me Kellogg's are the crispest, freshest flakes they've ever eaten."

Everyone, everywhere is taking up the 30-Second Breakfast

It's crisp, delicious, nourishing — actually has more energy value than 3 eggs — keeps you going right through till lunch-time

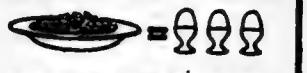
NATURALLY busy people everywhere prefer the 30-second breakfast of Kellogg's Corn Flakes — it takes only 30 seconds to prepare!

Besides, Kellogg's are so much crisper, so much more tempting and delicious than ordinary cereals. And there's a special inner "Waxtite" wrapper to preserve that crispness always. Kellogg's are sustaining, too. A bowlful with milk and sugar actually contains more energy value than 3 eggs.

Why not give your family a delicious 30-second breakfast tomorrow morning? Serve Kellogg's with milk and sugar — fruit, too, if they like it. Your grocer has Kellogg's — 5½d. a packet.

SCIENTIFIC PROOF

of the great energy-giving power of the "30-Second Breakfast"



An analysis made at a leading dietetic laboratory shows that a bowlful of Kellogg's with milk and sugar has more energy value than 3 eggs. That is why workers find the 30-second breakfast so sustaining.

10 BIG BREAKFASTS IN THE BIG FAMILY PACKET

NOW ONLY 5½d.

"I'VE TWO BOYS AT SCHOOL" says Mrs. Davies of Southsea (right), "and you can imagine what a rush the breakfast hour can be. But the '30-second breakfast' saves me a lot. It needs no cooking, so I've no pans to wash up." Busy mothers everywhere are saving time, trouble and gas bills in just the same way. And how the children love Kellogg's!

THE PUBLIC'S SERVANT

A Public Servant—and, like many good servants, even more helpful than you realise—is Modern Advertising, which introduces you to a thousand-and-one commodities that make life easier—enables you to purchase them at a price you can pay—and guarantees their high quality or excellent workmanship. Only reliable goods can stand up to public examination when twenty million people (including yourself) constitute the jury. That's why, if you purchase advertised goods, you can be sure that your money has been wisely spent—that the product you invest in is really trustworthy. Modern Advertising is your safeguard against the shoddy and the second rate. No wonder it has been described as Public Servant second to none.

ADVERTISED GOODS ARE THE GOODS TO BUY

Marcus Gare

Sir W Looks and the vi

CROOKS move roun circle.

They have a lar disguises and few of the realise the same old ningly hidden behind m enterprises.

Some of the masks are often all the resources tors are tested in lon delving to lay bare th of the promoters.

I find that many of them are still active af and downs.

One of them has ju latest kite in the form tive brochure with the Deal For Backers."

Below it is an ex which captures all the flashing past the winnin

Copies have been wi by Sports Investors S Regent Street, London,

"Co-operative Turf the description given t

Investments from on hundred pounds are inv

Since the society is the Industrial and Pro Acts no individual hold £200.

SHAREHOLDERS wi will, it is stated, winnings by the so

Those who back the have to pay their loss In addition, a bonus at season is promised.

This means that mo own bookmakers and

It is not explained would be replenished happen to be more wi bets.

Now we'll just look t

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For years he has bee Heading, but before h by deed poll in 192 Solomon Cohen.

Before me is a list companies with which actively associated in years or so. Heavy lo by investors in most covered ventures in commerce, general m and textiles, greyho mining.

In two concerns, se

A Gallery of Crooks

Marcus Garvey

E. Donallon

Donald Heaysman

Richard Willoughby

Sir WYNDHAM CHILDS Looks Behind the Scenes and tells you about the vicious circle of—

TWELVE UNJUST MEN

CROOKS move round in a vicious circle.

They have a large wardrobe of disguises and few of the general public realise the same old hands are cunningly hidden behind most of the new enterprises.

Some of the masks are so perfect that often all the resources of my investigators are tested in long and patient delving to lay bare the real identity of the promoters.

I find that many of the craftiest of them are still active after years of ups and downs.

One of them has just let loose his latest kite in the form of a very attractive brochure with the banner: "A New Deal For Backers."

Below it is an excellent drawing which captures all the thrill of horses flashing past the winning-post.

Copies have been widely distributed by Sports Investors Society, Ltd., of Regent Street, London, S.W.

"Co-operative Turf Investment" is the description given to the scheme.

Investments from one pound to two hundred pounds are invited.

Since the society is registered under the Industrial and Provident Societies Acts no individual holding may exceed £200.

SHAREHOLDERS who find winners will, it is stated, be paid agreed winnings by the society.

Those who back the wrong horse will have to pay their losses to the funds. In addition, a bonus at the end of each season is promised.

This means that members are their own bookmakers and backers!

It is not explained how the funds would be replenished if there should happen to be more winning than losing bets.

Now we'll just look behind the scenes.

I did not recognise the name of any of the four directors. But a long painstaking search revealed that they are merely a screen. Behind it is the real controller, one of the Old 'Uns.

For years he has been known as Harry Heading, but before he took that name by deed poll in 1921 he was Aaron Solomon Cohen.

Before me is a list of about twenty companies with which Heading has been actively associated in the last sixteen years or so. Heavy losses were suffered by investors in most of them. They covered ventures in silks, coal, Empire commerce, general merchandise, boots, and textiles, greyhound racing, and mining.

In two concerns, selected at random, the liabilities were £12,000 and £40,000—after a short period of trading.

Through it all this nimble money juggler, who is forty-five years old, has see-sawed from luxury to penury. His slogan, it is said, is "Make a million or bust."

Less than three years ago he was charged at the Old Bailey with taking assets out of the country while an undischarged bankrupt.

He refunded the money and was bound over for three years.

His probation has not expired, and he is still an undischarged bankrupt.

Associated with Sports Investors Society is a group of other companies in which Heading has a hand. Alexander McNichol Turner, for years his hireling, is also in most of them.

Turner crops up again and again in connection with dubious concerns.

This new deal for backers should be viewed with great caution.

ANOTHER "merry-go-round" is E. Donallon, never at a loss for a change of name and a new way of promising stupendous profits for anyone who will trust him with their investments.

He has just bobbed up in New Bond Street, London, W., and is strewing the country with his pamphlets headed "Profitable Distribution of Capital—Limited Liability—Increase of Income."

Almost any Stock Exchange in the world is his field. Profit of £250 a month on an investment of £500 is as easy as shelling peas, he says in effect.

Not long ago he was Jones, Preston and Co., in New Oxford Street, and he also called himself "E. Coates." He was then fined £75 at Bow Street under the Business Names Act.

For thirty-five years, in one guise or another, he has imposed on the public. Once his liabilities were nearly £100,000.

Six prison sentences have not daunted him.

* * *

Rene Ramage Miles has tried all kinds of ramps on his trips round the circle, but always he has specialised in duping women.

He has just been advertising for women secretaries prepared to invest in estate agencies in different parts of the country. Worthing, Southampton and Littlehampton were to be among the first places.

Years ago, before coming to England, he was imprisoned in Brussels and fined for embezzlement. He has been in jail here, too.

When Mr. Justice Hilbery sentenced him to twenty-one months' hard labour he described him as "a thoroughly dishonest and dangerous man."

* * *

Yet another return-date adventurer is Marcus Garvey, a persuasive Negro.

Some years ago he was sentenced to five years' imprisonment for embezzlement. He was President, High Chancellor and Secretary-General—all in one—of an organisation to take Negroes to some "Promised Land" he was supposed to be founding.

More than £100,000 was raised.

Now he is the self-styled President of a movement named The Universal Negro Improvement Association, the English headquarters of which are in Beaumont Crescent, West Kensington, London.

He is appealing here and abroad for three hundred million dollars "to save the race and place it on a firm nationalistic basis."

MOST versatile on my list is Richard Gerald Willoughby. In his masquerade he has switched from doctor to Army major, clergyman and various other characters with amazing cleverness.

Now, from behind the scenes, he is directing the British Institute of Endocrinology, Gloucester Place, London, N.W.

The racket is "scientific glandular treatment" for slimming.

Once when he was arrested for fraud he asked for thirty-four other cases of false pretences to be taken into consideration.

At various times he has called himself Col. R. B. Martin, Percy Seymour Kelly, Capt. Binmore, and A. S. Langton.

* * *

Then there is Stanley Gordon, who since 1924 has run a score of swindling concerns. Each one emerges in an artful disguise.

Behind most of them is the snare of employment with investment. He has obtained huge sums in this way.

Some of his recent companies were Marquis Film Company, National Detective Agency, Imperial Investment Company, Universal Airways.

His last affair, Heaysman Airways, was named after himself. His real name is Donald Heaysman.

A venture recently opened in High Street, Southampton, under the name of The Business Exchange.

Partnerships were advertised.

Happily I have been able to warn at least one man in time because here again a notorious Old 'Un is hidden away.

He is Guy Carless, who for many years has been taking money from people by this ruse.

The last time I tracked him he was in luxurious offices in Regent Street, London, with "Reynolds and Co." on his nameplate.

LINKED up with him also was "Associated Business Services."

Splendid positions were offered and investors lost their money.

In a similar category is Henry Dunsford, who, I recently revealed, is now behind the Nurses Trading Company, though, of course, you won't find his name on the literature.

Since I referred to his headquarters in Borough High Street, London, I see that a branch has been opened in Eastern Road, Romford, Essex.

Ever since the war this rogue has been in all kinds of bogus schemes.

* * *

A gang which has been operating for much longer manages to obtain quite considerable revenue in a curious way.

They impersonate well-known manufacturers of shop blinds and are astonishingly elusive.

Just recently they have used the name of Deans, of Putney, London, an old-established company whose blinds and shutters are supplied everywhere.

The impersonation has been so extensive that the firm has had to send out a general warning.

Members of the gang call on shopkeepers, pretend they are from Deans, and advise that shutters and blinds need repair. They get away with payments up to ten pounds.

The work done is sheer make-believe, and often the blinds are found to have been seriously damaged.

At Petersfield one of the impostors gave the name of Edwards. There have been countless victims in various towns.

"PASTOR" DAVID HURST always sticks to his own name but rings the changes on the names of the supposed missions for which he collects money. For long his racket has been a standing disgrace to charity organisations.

One of the worst of these quick-change crooks on whom I have had my eye for nearly fifteen years is Percy Harrison. He has a string of aliases.

I have traced him to one fraudulent scheme after another. Always some new idea. Marketing of household labour saving devices, wireless sets, potato scrapers and so on, but behind it all are traps for investors.

Some of his companies have been "British Distributors," "Southern Distributors," and "Unitz."

So they go round in the same old circle. New dupes every day, but the tricks are the same.

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FREE Sample of Asthophos will quickly convince you of effectiveness of this Harley Street Physician's Remedy for Colds and Headaches. Does not affect the heart. Safe and certain. Send p.c.—ASTHOS, Ltd. (Dept. 29), BLACKBURN.

STOMACH TROUBLES AND SKIN DISEASES cured by Herbal Science. Norths "Herbin" Stomach Powder has definitely conquered Indigestion. Do not dread meal times. Send for this remedy now. Prices 1/3 and 3/- (plus 2d. and 4d. post). Norths "Heelit" Ointment is a new discovery and definitely cures. Deals effectively with Psoriasis, Eczema, Eruptions, Itch, etc., etc. Do not delay. Send now. Prices 1/3 and 3/- (plus 1½d. and 2½d. postage). Obtainable from Norths Dispensaries (Dept. 4), 15, Whitehouses, Mytholmroyd, Yorkshire.

FREE Booklet on Skin Diseases! Here's news! The first soluble assimilable sulphur treatment for skin diseases is announced on page 37. A free copy of a special booklet with full details of a guarantee will be sent to all readers who fill in the application form in the advertisement.

HEALTHY legs for all! Don't let leg troubles cripple you. Simply send your name and address for a generous free sample of Elasto and a copy of a free booklet explaining about this unique discovery. See Back Cover.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by Testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute, Ltd. (J.B.1), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

HOUSEWIVES, get this free book. "The Complete Guide to Home Cooking." It contains recipes for all different kinds of cakes—plain cakes, fruit cakes, sponge cakes, seed cakes, etc. Simply fill in your name and address in the coupon in the Shoog advert. on page 25 and a copy of this free book will be sent to you by return.

FREE Cash Prizes. £35 in prizes are offered by the proprietors of Diplomat Cheese for the best last line to the Limerick on page 31. Read the conditions carefully and send in your entry now. Don't delay—you may forget.

A FREE gift for you or your kiddies. There's lots of fun waiting for your children with the ingenious "Speed Demon" Bomber and patent winder gear box, which you can get absolutely FREE just by sending in 6 coupons from the side of "Puffed" Wheat or "Puffed" Rice packets. Alternatively, you can send 2 coupons from "Puffed" Wheat or "Puffed" Rice and 3d. in stamps. Packet tops from Quaker Corn Flakes may also be used for this offer. These delicious cereal foods are ready to serve straight from the packet, so if you want to give your kiddies a double treat, accept this unique offer now. Use the coupon on page 23.

WOULD you like an 8/6 orange squeezer for only 3/6? If so, all you have to do is to turn to the Front Cover announcement, fill in the coupon and post it with a 3/6 postal order and 30 wrappers from any brand of South African oranges, such as "Outspan," "Goldland," etc., and a Springbok Squeezer will be despatched to you, carriage paid, thus effecting a clear saving of 5/- to you. The Springbok Squeezer is NOT for sale. If it were, it would cost at least 8/6. There is only one way to obtain it, and that is by the method mentioned above. Full details of the Squeezer and how to use it are given in the announcement on the Front Cover. So turn to it now, while you think of it.

SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS' SPECIAL DOSSIER (Continued)

Women Aid Fake Prince

"Prince Milo" taking breakfast in his apartment

IT is time steps were taken to stop the impudent capering in London of a man calling himself "His Royal Highness Prince Milo of Montenegro."

He is just plain Mr. Milo Petrovitch, registered in that name as an alien. Yet he is still being accepted in certain exclusive circles as a Royal exile.

The Yugo-Slavian Legation in London say "there is no Prince Milo of Montenegro." The holder of that title was killed during the War.

Some well-connected people who still receive him have admitted that they know he is not a prince, but say "they must be polite to him in the houses of friends"!

He seems to be adept at impressing wealthy old women. One has proudly described herself as his "fairy godmother," and has insisted on introducing him to her many friends.

Whenever they are foolish enough to do so, he receives the homage of titled people as if he had always been accustomed to this distinction.

A few years ago when a woman was about to become engaged to him, interested relatives made enquiries. The Yugo-Slavian Legation then found it necessary to make an official disclaimer.

Even after this, Milo succeeded in having himself named in his masquerading title among Ambassadors and recognised foreign Ministers present at a big function at Olympia!

He has brazenly kept up this nonsense for more than six years.

Before he came here in 1932 he was connected with a firm of herbalists in Detroit, Michigan, U.S.A. His father was a Customs-house official on the old Montenegrin frontier, and the name Petrovitch is as common in the Balkans as is Smith in England.

I am told there is nothing to stop him returning to his own country. It would be a good thing if he went. London would then be rid of a humbug.

Little Old Lady is Ruined

BIG HOUSE PURCHASE CRASH

A SAD little woman, in a fawn coat and rose-coloured hat, stumbled out of the London Bankruptcy Buildings in Carey Street the other day.

At the age of seventy-two, she had just heard that there was little hope of recovering a penny of her life savings of £800, invested in the Paragon Insurance Society, Ltd.

It had been a day of shattered hopes for others, too.

One woman, sixty years old, had sat huddled up at the creditors' meeting.

She rose painfully to ask a question, but sank back in her seat before she could utter a word. Her daughter was allowed to speak for her.

"It means every penny she had in the world," she said.

"You can see she was not fit to come here to-day, but nothing would stop her. She wanted to find out for herself if there was a chance of getting anything back."

In a quiet voice the Official Receiver said: "I'm afraid there is not the faintest hope."

Scarcely any indication of these human tragedies has been given in the bare reports of the crash.

This Society, with headquarters at High Holborn, London, W.C., and branches in various parts of the country, was registered under the antiquated Industrial and Provident Societies Acts, and came into existence in 1934.

Object of the Society was to issue mortgage bonds, on which annual premiums were paid until there was a sum sufficient to purchase property.

Some of the bond-holders hoped by this means to obtain houses in which to live themselves, and others to have a property investment which would ensure a small but steady income.

In addition, an issue of £100,000 5 per cent. loan stock was made last year.

At present it is not known how much of this stock was taken up.

In fact, the greatest difficulty is being experienced in finding out the exact financial position.

Board of Trade officials report that "the books are in a deplorable condition." The cash ledger and another book are missing.

Even certain office furniture and a typewriter have been taken by one of the officials who has fled.

So far as I can ascertain, a total of about £10,000 is involved in mortgage bonds in small sums representing the savings of comparatively poor people.

Biggest disgrace of all is that the man who has been behind the whole affair at all crucial times is an ex-solicitor who was struck off the Rolls for misappropriating clients' money.

He was charged at the Old Bailey in April, 1934, and was sent to jail for eighteen months.

His name is Clifford Western Slaney, but at no time has his name appeared on the literature of the Society.

He wormed his way into the concern shortly after his release from prison.

From then, early 1936, he became "General Manager." As he was an undischarged bankrupt, he could not sit on the board, but he was the real boss.

There must be the fullest investigation into the activities of this Society. It will show the existing law to be an utter farce.

Swindling Air Ace Unmasked

War-time flying major . . . flying ace in Australia . . . vast possessions in Australia and New Zealand . . . backer of a big theatrical show.

THESE are just a few of the amazing claims of Reginald Falkner, wanted by the police for obtaining money by false pretences.

Tall, military-looking, with a slight moustache and aged about forty-five, he has lived on his wits for years.

Recently a casual remark to a man in the vestibule of an hotel in the West End of London enabled him to start an acquaintance that brought him £250.

He described how he had been flying for years, chiefly for amusement. Now he was anxious to turn his extensive knowledge to some account.

Soon the man he met so casually was hearing striking descriptions of a scheme for a number of private aviation colleges and a company to play a big part in an Atlantic air service. The man felt he was lucky to be allowed to invest £250.

A short time before he obtained a large sum of money from a woman in connection with the supposed purchase of an invention for making aviation absolutely safe.

Only invention was the specious major's fertile fiction.

Some years ago he told a number of people that he had flown solo from Australia.

* * *

There was a definite reason why he did not want publicity. He obtained "loans" with remarkable ease.

A still more astonishing accomplishment was when he persuaded a bank manager to open an account for him with a cheque which he said was drawn on his "uncle's" account in a town three hundred miles away.

He was then known as "Good," and cashed several cheques before the deception was discovered.

He has never included in his stories of his adventures the fact that six years ago he was sentenced at the Old Bailey to five years' penal servitude.

You Have Been Warned!

JUST a few words about many offers to help you win fortunes in football pools.

Some guides are skilled and reasonable, but many are just snares for your fees.

For instance Poolmatician (H. Boyd), of Gladstone Buildings, Rhyl, N. Wales, is already making the preposterous claim that his "New Quick-Set Penny Pool Method" can "produce" the correct result of every match in one line to win first dividend!"

Cost of this obvious bluff is £2 2s., but pre-season offer is 5s. deposit and balance later.

This is the kind of silly bait you should avoid.

Beware of Her

SHOPKEEPERS throughout the country should be on the look-out for a smart middle-aged woman, slightly lame. Amazingly clever in obtaining goods with worthless cheques.

Always stays at the best hotels, quickly acquires knowledge of prominent local people, and skilfully gives the impression of close acquaintance with them when ordering goods in the shops.

Pays by cheque for larger amount than cost of things she has bought and obtains the change in cash!

She takes the goods with her or has them delivered to her hotel, which she leaves without paying her bill.

Real name is Eileen Ward, but uses various aliases.

Sam Pittman's Gang

FARMERS are being swindled by crooks professing they have new scheme for ordering produce direct for consumers.

They open shops in various markets, advertise by alluring circulars, and obtain goods for which they never pay. Known to the police as "Sam Pittman Gang."

Never stay long anywhere.

"Helping" Hospitals

TURN down appeals of General Hospital Benevolent Society, of Arundel Mansions, London, S.W., asking for funds for all deserving hospitals.

Was founded by dubious people. One, Stanley Foster, then the moving spirit, was recently convicted of obtaining money for the Society under false pretences. He had previously been to jail for house-breaking and larceny.

"Sure Thing" Cheat

BEWARE, too, of the "sure thing" racing tip by the crook posing as a drapery peddler.

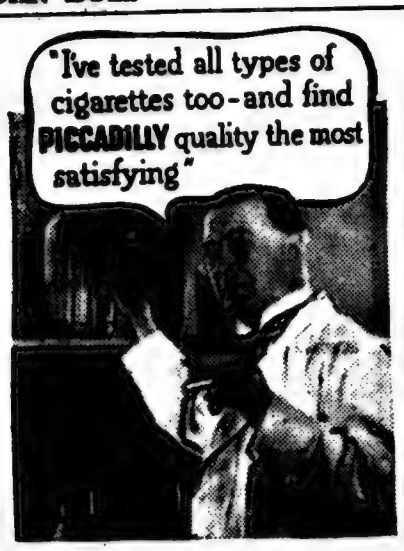
One of them, using names of "Farndon," "Levitt," "Hamilton," and "Powell" is active.

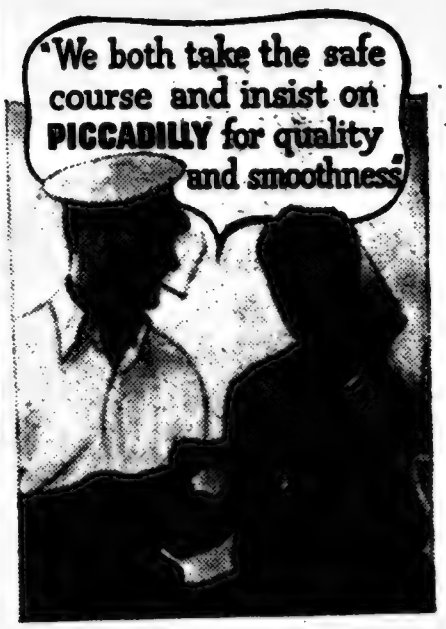
Produces telegram supposed to be signed by well-known man in horse or dog racing. Has put five pounds on himself, and offers to include you in the good fortune for one pound or even 2s. 6d.!

Warrants out for him all over place.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mr. P. H. Mann, of 324, Harwich Road, Colchester, secures the £1 1s. this week for information which will be exceedingly useful in certain enquiries I am making.





"Film Favourites" Picture Cards in all packings.

10 for 4D 15 for 6D

MADE BY CARRERAS LTD.
150 YEARS' REPUTATION FOR QUALITY

PJ.213

PARTICULAR PEOPLE PICC A PICCADILLY

OPENS MY EYES!
CLEARS MY HEAD!
What else did you say?"

Drink a glass of Andrews and away goes sleepiness! To your whole system comes that deep-down Inner Cleanliness which leaves you clear-headed and alert for the day. Your stomach is settled. The liver and kidneys are stimulated to proper action. To complete your Inner Cleanliness the bowels are gently but thoroughly cleared. Start taking Andrews regularly. It's a grand drink for keeping you fit. Get your own tin of Andrews to-day. 9d. and 1/4d. (double quantity).

For Inner Cleanliness be regular with your ANDREWS

(220) THE REFRESHING TONIC LAXATIVE

When you buy goods that are advertised in "John Bull"—you get the Very Best!

The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 31.

DUNLOP "JUBILEE"

Cycle Tyre

—THE FRUIT OF 50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

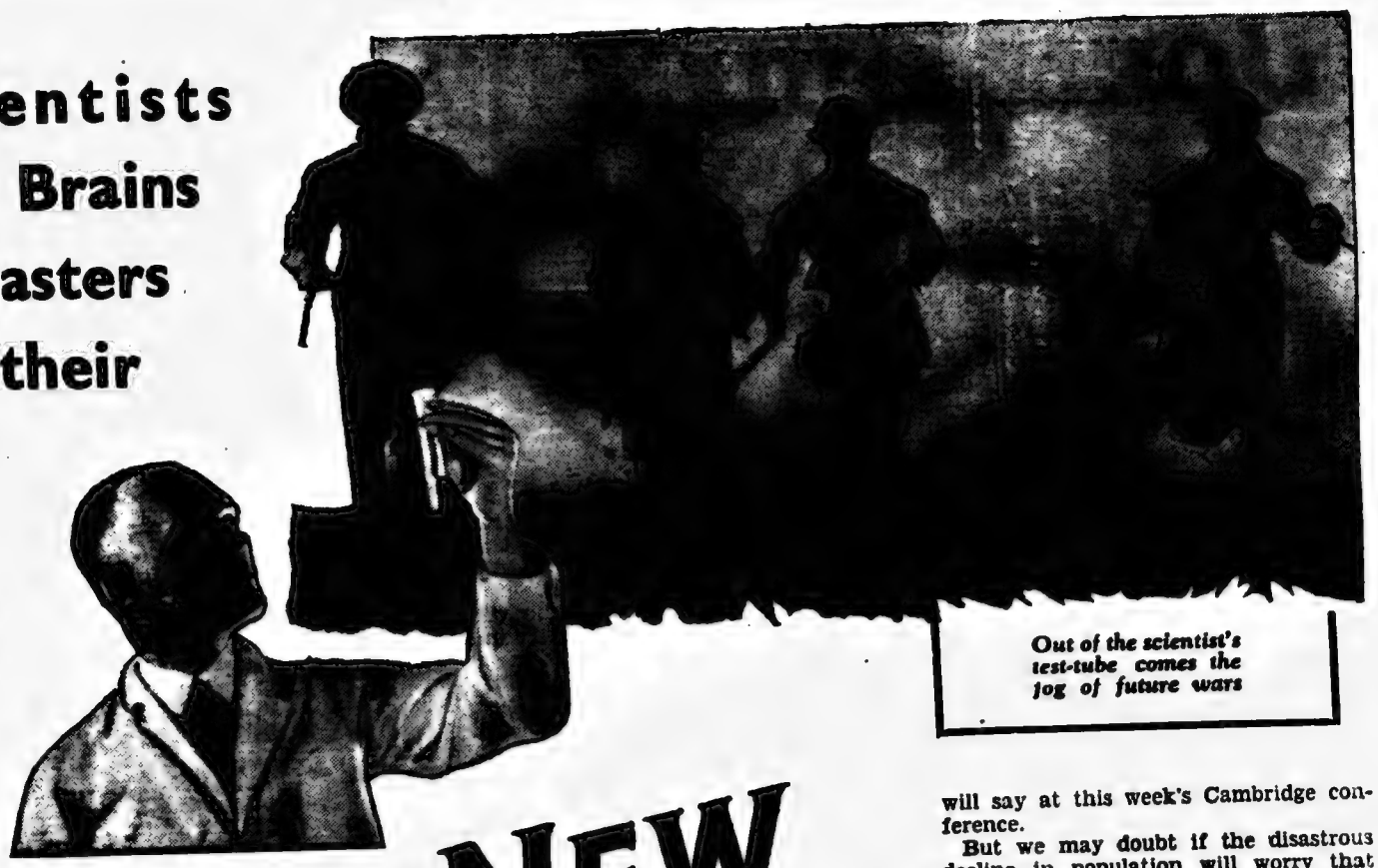
Only half a century of experience could make possible such a fine quality tyre as the Dunlop "Jubilee" *at the amazingly low price of 3/9.* And when you test its hard-wearing tread and utter dependability on the road you will vote it a truly worthy Dunlop product.

COVER 3/9
TUBE 1/6

C.P.H.

AD.2/344

Are the Scientists of Britain's Brains Trust the Masters or Slaves of their Discoveries?



Out of the scientist's test-tube comes the jog of future wars

The NEW FRANKENSTEIN

BRITAIN'S Brains Trust, now in solemn conference at Cambridge, is going to make two world-shaking announcements.

At least, it's hoped that they will prove world-shaking.

First, these scientists taking part in the British Association's annual meeting will discuss—for the first time in history—an agreement to keep their discoveries out of the grasp of warmongers.

Well, no one will dispute that the world needs such an agreement very badly.

But the second announcement, coming from so august a gathering, may seem like a squeak from an elephant.

The scientists are going to implore you, "Please don't blame us for assisting mass murder. We don't want war."

They will remind us that high explosives were not invented for purposes of killing; most were used for blasting nearly a century before the military experts put them into shells.

There can be few people so foolish as to picture the scientist as a grim-jawed man who spends all his hours trying to devise a new poison gas or quick-firing gun.

So the British Association shouldn't bother about an alibi.

It is the first proposal that may change the world, bring peace and content to us all.

Not only scientists, but the general public are fearful of science to-day.

"A Frankenstein monster that soon the scientists themselves may not be able to hold," as a great astronomer has described it.

Masters or Slaves?

Unless new discoveries are controlled, a terror will be let loose that can wipe out whole populations in less time and with greater horror than the last Great War.

And Britain's masters of discovery are taking the lead towards setting up a system of control.

Will they succeed? Are they strong enough to bend the mighty power of Modern Science towards helping rather than destroying mankind?

Let us not be too optimistic. They have tried before—and failed.

After years of growing anxiety, they tackled the problem in 1935.

Nothing happened.

But this year, with storm clouds overhanging Europe and the East, they are determined to try again.

A big job. But not an impossible one, despite foreign dictators and war preparations everywhere. A job that can be carried through to absolute triumph—given the will.

Let these men remember that ordinary citizens the world over are behind them, and governments will listen to them and obey.

But if they are merely content to talk, as they have been vainly talking ever since a bishop proposed, twelve years ago, that every scientific laboratory should be closed, then the Frankenstein monster will become a reality.

Perhaps they realise that they talk too much among themselves and not enough to the general public.

For this year they are going to try to form a World Association, which will aim at using science to solve social problems and at keeping the man-in-the-street in touch with discoveries of benefit to humanity.

This idea, too, is nothing new. It was suggested at a British Association meeting three years ago.

And, like the anti-war proposal, was talked to death by the scientists themselves.

Here again, however, there is hope of something being done.

Famous American scientists have come to Britain to join in the discussions on this "Bring Science out of the Clouds" suggestion.

Well, if they can help in assuring peace to the world, our research workers can show how to make it prosperous.

The presidential address in the Agricultural section will be given by Professor R. G. Stapledon. And you can expect some hard hitting from Professor Stapledon.

He is the man who insists that we could grow twice as much food in Britain. And he has shown how it can be done and proved it.

Wonder Wheat

Not his fault that, though his theories have won general acceptance, the Government is giving farmers no assistance in putting those theories into effect.

He will be followed by other distinguished experts who will tell us of a new wheat discovery—a wheat superior to any other British variety, disease-resisting and prolific.

Of a system of feeding that enables cows to yield milk for twice the normal period.

Of a method of cultivation that halves the number of men required on any farm: which should be of particular importance seeing that 30,000 workers leave the land for the towns every year.

Then Dr. W. G. Ogg, who advocates the State purchase of agricultural land for renting to farmers, will lecture on the problems of land reclamation.

Vanishing Brides

All these men should capture the ears of officialdom.

Unless officialdom listens, you can be sure that our discontented farmers will proceed in their new campaign against a Government that frankly declares its opposition to growing more food.

It's safe to say that both Whitehall and Westminster will listen carefully to Sir William Beveridge, the economist.

Sir William has already predicted a shortage of at least fifty thousand brides by 1943 owing to the falling birth-rate.

You can work out the consequences of that for yourself.

Think of the tremendous trade slump it will cause, the rising unemployment.

Fewer young couples setting up house together will mean fewer purchases of furniture and other necessities.

Think of the number of men who will lose their jobs in consequence.

Think of the vicious circle it will start—less money to spend, fewer goods consumed, therefore fewer men employed, still less money in circulation, and so on.

The previous warning of Sir William, who for long was Director of the London School of Economics and the State's chief adviser on unemployment insurance, awoke Whitehall to the gravity of the situation and led to the official "More Babies" campaign.

It may well be that Britain's future as a Great Power depends on what he will say at this week's Cambridge conference.

But we may doubt if the disastrous decline in population will worry that other scientific star who is bound to shine at this annual share-out of knowledge—Sir Arthur Eddington.

Sir Arthur's fame as an astronomer is unclouded.

But still wrapped in mystery is his dictum that "Falling in love is one of those activities forbidden to the consistently scientific man."

Perhaps it is too much to hope that he will explain this reflection on his married colleagues.

Perhaps the meeting will be too startled by some provocative challenge to pay attention to such lighter matters.

For it was on a similar occasion that Sir Arthur Keith asserted, "A race of human beings with tails could be produced by systematic breeding for fifteen generations."

And, after all, it is certain that the suggestions for a scientists' league against scientific anarchy and a world league for practical scientific application will overshadow all the other items on the crowded agenda.

This year, subjects like "Rabbit Coat Colours" and "The Calculation of Train Running Times," however important they may be to experts, will not stir the public.

Britain knows too well that such minor contributions to knowledge may become valueless unless the future progress of knowledge is assured.

And it can only be assured if the earnest, brilliant men now busily talking in lovely Cambridge face ugly facts and convert talk into action.

The Frankenstein monster is in their hands.

CANNY COOKERY

READERS have given a tremendous welcome to John Bull's valuable new Family Presentation — "Modern Cookery Illustrated."

The demand for this new idea in cookery books is so great that this Presentation must now be withdrawn, but readers who have not yet applied for their copies may still do so by turning to pages 4 and 5.

"Modern Cookery Illustrated," which shows housewives how they can save hard cash every day, contains more than 2,000 tested money-saving recipes, thousands of priceless new ideas, secrets, hints and tips; 640 pages, nearly 400,000 words; and scores and scores of invaluable "how-to-do-it" photographs.

Remember, this is your last chance. Turn to pages 4 and 5, and post the final Reservation Forms immediately.

JOHN BULL'S 6,000 Other ISLANDS

ISLAND funkholes for the rich are now an outstanding feature of the real estate market.

During the past year about thirty islands around these shores have been sold, at prices ranging from £500 to £10,000. Most of the buyers have no yearning to live like Robinson Crusoes, or to study wild life.

They have bought the islands as refuges against threatened prospects of air raids. At the first hint of any real danger they will fly off to their "right little, tight little island."

Nearly all the Outer Hebrides, for instance, are changing hands in this way. One of the latest on offer are the Shiant Islands, six hundred acres of them for £1,750. These islands, according to the agents, are "probably the largest bird colony in the British Isles."

Buying History

But if you do not care to lord it over the birds you might consider purchasing Canna, Sandy, Hyskeir and Humla, going in one lot with lairdship over one hundred and forty crofters and lobster fishers. If you like a bit of history thrown in, there are some Viking graves on Canna and Hyskeir.

There are mementoes of the past on other islands for sale. Benbecula, eight miles across, and twenty-five thousand acres in all, with twenty-five inhabitants as well as the best wild geese in Britain, is famous as the meeting place between Bonnie Prince Charlie and Flora Macdonald in 1746.

The estate market which handles such properties likes international complications. Every time Hitler has a Saturday brainstorm or Mussolini thumps a rostrum, bang goes another island.

How many isles do you think are dotted round the shores of this larger island we call Britain? Ask yourself and ask your friends.

At a wild guess, most people will put it at about one hundred and fifty. The truth is even wilder.

According to the Ordnance Survey and the Whitehall authorities, the number is "over five thousand two hundred."

Even they do not know for certain. They give you the impression that a few more or less makes no difference to Britannia's crowded store. And that nobody cares very much anyway.

There's the important point. Nobody seems to care. But JOHN BULL is less concerned with the islands as funkholes for the rich, or storehouses of the past, than as graveyards for the living.

Look at those Hebrides and some of the Western Isles which have been hawked round to the highest bidder.

One of them, about sixty-three square miles in extent, used to support over a thousand people. A fine race, those islanders—hardy, independent and intelligent.

To-day nobody lives upon it except the owner's agents, whose job is to prevent anybody else landing.

On other big islands like Lewis, Skye and Harris, the population has been decimated by unemployment and appalling living conditions.

Their local industries of fishing and weaving, which once supported fifty thousand people and supplied the markets of the country, are dead or dying.

The M.P. for the Western Isles wants to get these "island paradises" scheduled as a "special area." On most of them, living conditions for the surviving population are worse than anything to be found in South Wales or Durham.

Barra, scene of the great crofter riots in 1920, has a landscape of unparalleled beauty and incredible sunsets, which a few tourists come thousands of miles to see. But the inhabitants cannot live on scenery and sunsets.

And while many of the inhabitants are not permitted to grow enough food to live, they are deprived from buying it at a price they can afford to pay.

On these islands even such staple foods as bread are not baked or home-grown. Food comes on ships which have a monopoly, and charge what freightage they please. These freight charges go on to the cost of the food.

What are counted as ordinary civilised amenities on the mainland are as rare as money in the island.

No drainage or proper water supply! Drinking water is surface collected—which was the cause of

Turf-walled dwelling in one of Britain's lonely islands—Lewis, in the Outer Hebrides

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a bad outbreak of paratyphoid not long ago.

Roads and transport, without which it is impossible for the islanders to build up their industries, are almost non-existent. At Leverburgh, built by the late Lord Leverhulme to help the islands, the landing pier is falling down. Passengers land at their own risk.

There is no electric lighting or power except on a few private estates. Even the Postmaster-General does not bother about these outposts of Britain. Few of them have the telephone or telegraph.

On the aptly-named Isle of Muck, when anybody is ill a beacon-fire has to be lit up to bring help from the neighbouring island of Eigg.

If a telegram is addressed to Muck it goes as far as Eigg, which, being owned by Lord Runciman, is the proud possessor of a post office. They light a fire signal and a Muck boatman rows five miles to fetch the telegram.

So, as far as modern communications and amenities are concerned, the island is as isolated as it was in the time of Canute. It is little better off than an atoll in the Southern Seas.

Indeed, there are dozens of islands almost within sight of the sky-glare from the great towns of the mainland which are as savage and deserted as any remote South Sea fastness.

What would you think of wild sheep, for instance? Well, there are flocks of them on Ailsa Craig, in the Firth of Clyde. Sometimes parties set out to shoot them. The wool fetches 10s. a lb.

On another island the inhabitants stormed a Liverpool ship, stripped and gutted her of metal and furnishings. That was 1935—not 1435.

There are more than five hundred islands in the Hebrides alone. Though they could still support thriving industries, not a fifth of them are inhabited to-day. Starvation and official indifference have driven their peoples away.

On scores of them there is no more than one man, living a hermit, semi-savage existence.

Yes—and there are many more desert islands round the coast of Britain. And others rapidly becoming deserted.

Empire's Cinderellas

You might think the Channel Islands are pleasant, well-off places. Yet recently it has been announced that Alderney, with its one thousand two hundred inhabitants, is facing ruin.

The island's income has shrunk to vanishing point. It has a wonderful aerodrome, but no aeroplanes call there. Ships are becoming a rarity.

The civil judge, Mr. F. G. French, has just made a public appeal to the authorities for help in restoring lost trade. Unless it is answered Alderney may soon share the fate of some of the Western Isles.

Outside Britain, but within the bounds of our Colonial Empire, there are "Cinderella islands" by the hundreds, and the same incredible story of apathy and neglect. There are aspects of our colonial administration that must make land-hungry nations like Germany gnash their teeth with envy.

You can't imagine Germany calmly allowing a competitive Power to appropriate some of its territory. Territory which, furthermore, lies bang in the centre of a great ocean air route.

Yet Britain has just done that. We have allowed the U.S.A. to "annex" Baker, Howland and Jarvis Islands, which are in the middle of the Phoenix Group in the South Seas, and have figured on the maps for years as British.

The Americans claimed these islands by "colonisation." Actually, they landed a party of schoolboys from a cruiser, ostensibly to take meteorological observations. A week later the cruiser took the boys off again.

But on each island was erected a lead tablet bearing the words: "This island is colonised this thirtieth day of March, 1935, by American citizens in the name of the United States of America. No Trespassing Allowed."

An attempt was made by the U.S. a year ago to bag yet two more British islands in the same group—Canton and Enderbury. They did the same trick of landing for a few days and leaving the American Flag behind.

A British gunboat had to be sent last August to reclaim British sovereignty. Perhaps the Government thought that this colonial "smash and grab" business had gone far enough, and that some morning we might wake up and find no islands left.

But, as it has turned out, the Colonial Office has been generous enough. Too generous, some people might think. Even as this article goes to press, the Foreign Office has announced it will share these two islands with America for international aviation "with equal facilities for each party."

Would other countries be as kind to us, especially in such a highly competitive business as aviation? We wonder.

All these places make excellent air bases, and are on the direct route from Australia to North and South America—a route that will be developed. Why not by us?

Bonin Blunder

Apparently Britannia is so rich in island property that she does not know how much she has got. Colonial Office officials estimate that there are about six thousand five hundred *named* islands in the Empire, but if you ask them how many *unnamed* ones we possess they throw up their hands.

Is it this ignorance and wealth that make us so negligent? If so, we should by now have learned a lesson.

We let the Japs have the Bonin Islands, in the Pacific. To-day, no Briton is allowed to land there. They have become fortified, vast and secret naval bases on which the Japanese Navy has built up its menacing position in the Pacific.

A riot in the turbulent British island of Jamaica. Left, American notice on Jarvis Island

Some authorities say that we have had to pour millions into the Singapore defences because we gave the Bonin Islands away!

And do not let us forget Heligoland, that bomb right on the doorstep of the East Coast. It might have paid us better to take that island back again afer the War, instead of acquiring the fever-smitten jungles of German East Africa.

Is it because we live on an island that successive British Governments have never cared much about what happens to "John Bull's other islands"?

Many of the tropical isles look lovely on the magazine covers; some are pleasant places to travel to in fact or in imagination. But too often, and on too many of them, living there is hell

When the Colonial Office has allowed the island to be "developed" by capitalist enterprise it seems to believe that it has done enough. Usually that is more than enough.

Look at Antigua, for example. This West Indian paradise—which might be—has a population of freed slaves. They are now starving in freedom.

The inhabitants are allowed to work at eightpence a day for part of the year. All the food they help to produce has to be bought, of course—when they can afford to buy it. Nowhere in the world is there more abject poverty.

Another island—the Caymans—lives on the proceeds of its postage stamp issues.

Every time more money is required to feed or house its people it brings out a new postage stamp. A Coronation issue sold to collectors has kept it going for a year.

When there is not exploitation by financial banditry there is untold waste because of the unused opportunity.

No one knows what natural wealth is buried among the myriad unknown islands of the Empire. The Colonial Office certainly does not.

Jap Arrogance

Never has there been any organised official exploration of the islands as a whole. No attempt at a proper stocktaking of natural resources. Anything of that kind is left to "private enterprise."

Many of the islands, the Colonial Office pleads, are merely Nature's ash heaps—extinct submarine volcanoes which have pushed up above sea-level like many of the South Sea Islands. But others may hold vast wealth in the way of guano, metals and timber. Nobody knows or cares.

Sometimes the foreigner does. It was recently reported that the Japanese have exploited the little-known Admiralty Islands in the West Pacific for many years!

Landing without so much as a "by your leave," they have been clearing the islands of metal deposits and copra, scraping the coastal beds bare of pearl and shell.

An outraged Government sent a cruiser, arrested twenty-four Japanese and ran them into Sydney, where they spent a few days in jail sentence for "poaching."

Our authorities should be made to realise that these vast properties are something more than lumps of earth surrounded by water.

They are places won for the Empire by the courage and discovery of men of our race. They are proud possessions to be lived upon and made to prosper, not left to be mere spots on the map.

Let Britain get on with the job!

Aren't Folk Queer?

By Will Scott

HEADS FIRST

TWO men came out of two doors at St. Ethelbert's Bay on a morning in late September.

One door was of beaten bronze. At the side of it on a bronze plate were the words Excelsior Hotel.

The other door was of plain pine, not much of a door at all, blistered and grimy.

And at the side of this door, on a piece of card, were the words "Bed and Breakfast."

The first door was on the best part of the esplanade; the other was half-way down a dingy street known as Salt's Lane.

The name of the man who came out of the door of the Excelsior Hotel was Haverstock. The name of the man who came out of the blistered door was Bone.

Haverstock had rings on his fingers and smoked a big cigar.

Bone smoked a Woodbine and hadn't troubled to shave. But he wore a top hat.

There are people who will tell you that St. Ethelbert's Bay has "gone down," and certainly Mr. Haverstock on that late September morning was thinking something on these lines.

But not a minute later he was thinking that he should be the last person to complain.

For some years now he had been coming down to St. Ethelbert's Bay because the first time he had seen it it was "select" and quiet.

The tripper left it alone, and they were very nice people indeed who went there in the summer. You could mix with them.

Now, though, there was no doubt about the change, gradual though it had been, and there were times when you couldn't walk for trippers.

Some people sometimes resented the invasion. Mr. Haverstock had the honesty of character to remind himself that such resentment came ill from him.

For once, a good many years ago, not here, but at places like Yarmouth and Margate, he had been one of these people himself, singing, shouting, monopolising the esplanade ten abreast, even leaving behind a trail of shrimp heads and orange peel.

And not so very long before that he had played, a grubby youngster of seven or eight, in the gutters of Ipswich where he had been born.

If Mr. Haverstock now was somebody he had been nobody once upon a time, and the fact coloured his outlook and made him mellow.

If sometimes he swanked for business reasons he would admit on the quiet, with a twinkle in his eye, that he had nothing to swank about.

SO, with rings on his fingers and smoking a big cigar, Mr. Haverstock came out of the Excelsior Hotel and turned along the esplanade.

Many a tripper turned to look at him as he passed. He was easily the best dressed as well as the most expensively dressed man on the sea front.

You could have guessed and guessed and guessed, but you'd never have guessed the gutters of Ipswich forty years before.

He stopped to smile and listen to a little group of trippers gathered round an ornate entrance to a very modern establishment bearing the golden inscription, "Professor Carraby, Phrenologist."

In the window, in a setting of black velvet, was a chart of a human head, not unlike a map of Europe, and a discreet card announcing "Readings by Appointment, half a guinea."

"Know," said the card, "your character, your strength, your potentialities."

"Lot o' nonsense," said one of the trippers.

"You're right there, George," said another.

"Mean to say anybody can tell you what you're going to become by the size of the bumps on your napper?"

"Ah, you're right there, George."

"Why, me, I got bumps the size of a coconut on my top piece, but they never made me Prime Minister."

At this all the trippers laughed.

"Know your character, your strength and your wotsit! Lot o' tripe!" said the first.

"You're right there, George," said the second.

The trippers moved away leaving Mr. Haverstock alone.

His smile was broader now, and there was an expression in his eye that the trippers would not have understood as he turned the diamond ring round on his finger.

On went Mr. Haverstock past the Fun Park and the Circular Bandstand and the West Pleasure Beach, an attraction which had failed to attract Mr. Haverstock once in the many years he had been coming to St. Ethelbert's Bay.

It was quiet now on the West Pleasure Beach and Mr. Haverstock, had he been so minded, could have had the Bubbles stall and the Roll-a-ball all to himself and walked off with all the prizes.

But he smiled and passed on and presently was standing staring at the unthriving pitch of Prof. Bone, who, with his top hat on one side of his head, was shouting himself hoarse to no purpose to an audience consisting of a nursemaid, two small children, a dog and, now Mr. Haverstock.

A battered chart on a card stood on Prof. Bone's pitch. It carried a crudely drawn picture of a human head, divided into sections not unlike a map of Europe, and the words, "Prof. Bone, Phrenologist. Your heads read for threepence."

MR. HAVERSTOCK started, took out a cigar and stared hard.

"Now, sir, what about you, sir?" said Prof. Bone. "Correct reading of your head for threepence only. Know yourself and your possibilities. Patronised by the nobility and gentry. Threepence only. What about it, sir?"

The nursemaid dragged the children, the children dragged the dog away to more exciting things. Mr. Haverstock and Prof. Bone were left alone.

"Bone . . . . " said Mr. Haverstock, half aloud. "Same name."

"Pardon, sir?" said Prof. Bone.

"Were you ever at Yarmouth?" asked Mr. Haverstock.

Prof. Bone smiled an aristocratic smile.

"I was at Yarmouth, sir, for the better part of twenty years."

"Twenty-five years ago?"

"That was me, sir."

"Twenty-five years is a long time, but I thought that I knew your face."

Prof. Bone looked interested and puzzled.

"Care for a drink?" Mr. Haverstock asked.

Even when business was business, Prof. Bone cared for a drink; and at the moment business was by no means business.

"That's very nice of you, sir," he said.

They left his outfit just as it was and went out of the West Pleasure Beach, up the steps and across the esplanade to a quiet room at the back of the King of Bohemia.

"What would you like?" asked Mr. Haverstock.

Prof. Bone, under pressure, confessed to a liking for Scotch.

Mr. Haverstock called for a single and a double, and pushed the double along the mahogany towards Prof. Bone.

"Well, your very good health," said Prof. Bone, raising his glass. "This is very, very nice of you indeed, sir. I'm afraid I can't quite call you to mind."

"I don't suppose you can," said Mr. Haverstock.

He put his glass down and beamed at Prof. Bone.

"I've done," he said, "remarkably well in business. I began nowhere, but, without boasting, I can claim to have got somewhere.

"I was born in a back street in Ipswich. Now I live in a big house in its own grounds near Putney Heath. I'm the head of a very big business. And I owe everything to you."

Prof. Bone was so startled that he very nearly spilled his whisky.

"How me, sir?" he said, amazed.

"Twenty-five years ago, on Yarmouth Sands, you read my head," said Mr. Haverstock.

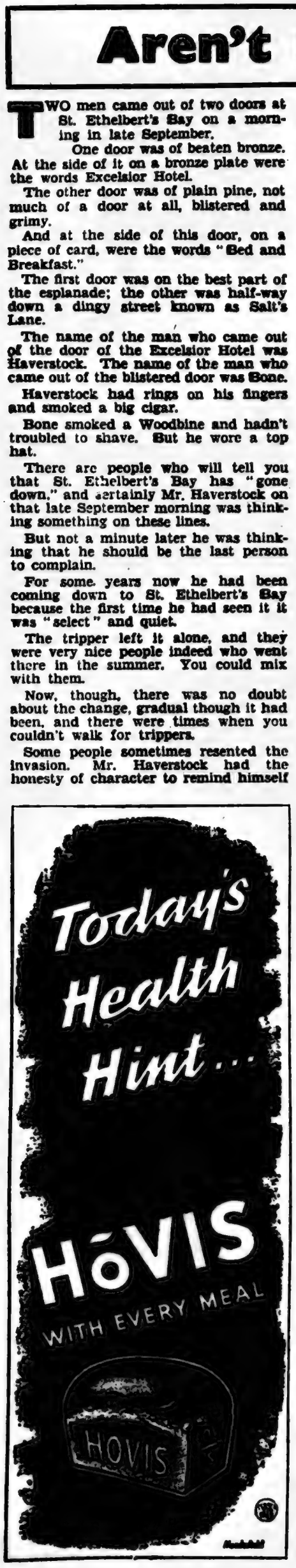
"There was a party of us down for the week. The others treated it as a joke. Called it a lot of nonsense and said there couldn't be anything in it.

"They wouldn't touch it at any price, and I can't say I believed in it myself, but I had three-pennyworth and you told me things I never knew about myself."

"Well, I'm astonished!" said Prof. Bone.

"I was a nobody," continued Mr.

(Continued on page 24)



"Greatest of These"

Leslie

MR. THOMPSON, of Doncaster, is a man with a load of trouble.

An ex-soldier, he has had only occasional jobs since 1929, and is now recovering from rheumatic fever.

He has five children, and one son, Leslie, is a cripple and is always in and out of hospital.

A daughter of thirteen had her skull fractured while playing in the park, then had her leg broken by a motor lorry.

Due to the shock, the child now has an impediment in her speech.

Mr. Thompson's rent is in arrears, and we appeal to readers to help lift this part of the family's burden.

Donations should be earmarked "Doncaster," and should be addressed to The Honorary Secretary, War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Where names and addresses are given they will be acknowledged.

Donations to our fund are not subject to deduction. All administration expenses are borne by JOHN BULL.

Selo at the seaside puts a sparkle into your snaps, turns out perfect pictures in dull or fine weather. These British films★ have extra latitude, and speed to make them extra sensitive to everything your eye can see. So next time your camera's ready for a refill, wherever you are, say Selo—for snaps' sake!

For every make and size of camera

SELO FILMS

★

SELO-ORTHO—the fast roll film for all-round snapshotting; marvellous latitude to overcome exposure errors.

† **SELOCHROME**—the extra fast roll film for high-speed work. Highly orthochromatic and anti-halo backed.

† **SELO FINE GRAIN**—Panchromatic roll film—ideal for miniature cameras and gives perfect colour rendering.

† **SELO HYPERSENSITIVE** Panchromatic roll film, the fastest film available with the finest grain. Completely colour sensitive.

† *These films are also made in specially fine grain emulsions for miniature cameras taking 35 mm. perforated film.*

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This patent device enables "The Speed Demon" to be fully wound and ready to take the air in a moment.

Save the coupons from

'PUFFED'BRAND WHEAT *and* **'PUFFED'BRAND RICE**

Here's a model 'plane you'll be proud to show your pals—"The Speed Demon." A beautiful streamlined model of a new Fast Day Bomber—a real record-breaker. And flies like one, too! Its powerful motor will carry it record distances. It has a high efficiency constant pitch air screw . . . wings of light strong wood with a span of 10" . . . fuselage 7½" long! And here's something never before offered free with any model aeroplane—a patent winder gear box that makes "The Speed Demon" ready to take the air in a moment!

HOW TO GET IT

You're going to have a great treat getting "The Speed Demon" because you must save the coupons from packets of "Puffed" Wheat or "Puffed" Rice—*and you couldn't think of two more delicious crunchy breakfast foods!*

They call them the "food shot from guns." The rich, ripe grains of wheat or rice are steam-exploded to eight times their usual size to make them light and digestible. You'll love them with milk or fruit for breakfast—in fact, at any meal!

ORDER FORM

To Dept. J.B.1, Quaker Oats Ltd., Southall, Middlesex.

I enclose:

* (*a*) 6 coupons from the side of "Puffed" Wheat or "Puffed" Rice packets.
* (*b*) 2 coupons from "Puffed" Wheat or "Puffed" Rice and 3d. in stamps.

Please send me my "Speed Demon" with special winder by return of post.

* Cross out which does not apply.

(Note: packet tops from Quaker Corn Flakes may also be used for this offer.)

WRITE IN CAPITAL LETTERS

Name .....

Address .....

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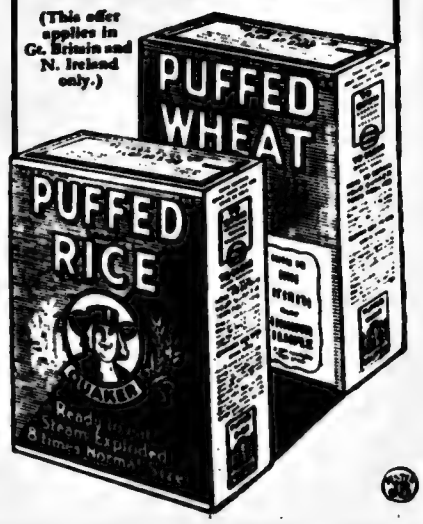
Post in 1½d. stamped sealed envelope.

(This offer applies in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland only.)



HEADS FIRST

(Continued from page 22)

Haverstock. "I had a small barrow which I used to push round Ipswich, selling vegetables.

"I never expected to make more than two pounds a week in all my life. I hadn't any ambition.

"Then you read my head, that day on Yarmouth Sands. You told me things I never suspected about myself—that I had a strongly developed sense of leadership, remarkable self-control, if I would exercise it, wonderful concentration.

"Ambition, you showed me, would get me to the top if I cared to apply my talents."

"Well, I'm astonished!" said Prof. Bone.

"It was a revelation to me," Mr. Haverstock went on.

"It was like the sun coming out of a cloud. I've always wanted to meet you again and tell you this.

"Do you know what I did when I got back to Ipswich? I smashed my barrow to pieces—small pieces—I got on a train, first class for the first time in my life, and I went to London.

"I realised at last that I was not nobody as I thought I was. I set to work. And now I *am* a leader of men.

"Four hundred men in my own business. But if I'd never met you I'd still be pushing a barrow round the back streets of Ipswich. Will you have another?"

Prof. Bone would and did.

"Well, I'm astonished!" was all he could say.

Presently he wanted to return the compliment, but he had to explain what the phrenology business was like at the seaside at threepence a time, so Mr. Haverstock called for a third round and Prof. Bone began to cheer up.

"You're not, as it were, sir, pulling my leg?" he asked.

"Of course not. Why should I?" said Mr. Haverstock.

Prof. Bone stared into the depths of his glass. "Well, I'm astonished!" he said.

Mr. Haverstock, on three singles, looked at Prof. Bone. Prof. Bone, on three doubles, looked less steadily back at Mr. Haverstock.

"I suppose one can have certain powers without ever suspecting it," he said.

"I never suspected I had the power to become a big business man until you told me," said Mr. Haverstock.

"I mean me," said Prof. Bone.

"You?" said Mr. Haverstock.

Prof. Bone, looking a little uneasy, got the conversation back to whisky.

"I only wish I could buy you . . ."

MR. HAVERSTOCK, who, to tell the truth, was by no means used to three singles at a go, pulled out a fat pocket-book and pressed ten five-pound notes into the hand of Prof. Bone.

"A little thank-offering," he said. "It's twenty-five years late, but I've always wanted you to have it."

So they celebrated with a fourth, this time on Prof. Bone.

Late that afternoon, Prof. Bone went into the ornate establishment of Professor Carraby, out of whose way he had religiously kept until that moment.

"I want you to read my head," he said.

"With the greatest of pleasure," responded Professor Carraby.

"I'm turned fifty, and it's late to be looking ahead," said Prof. Bone. "I've never done much with my life, but I've often wondered . . . Tell me if I'd be any good in your line. I'm not saying so. I don't know the first thing about it."

"Phrenology?" said Professor Carraby.

Prof. Bone nodded.

"Kindly be seated," said Professor Carraby.

He went over Prof. Bone's head inch by inch. And he told him. For phrenology he showed not the slightest trace of a gift.

He never had had and he never would have. It was rather strange that he should have the idea.

At the same time, he had a remarkable head. Showmanship was strongly marked, together with a well-developed sense of leadership.

WITH more self-control and with more concentration there was no reason why he should not yet get to the very top of a chosen profession. The theatre or the films. It might be politics.

Not business, but something . . . More ambition was required, self-confidence, the courage to make a plunge . . . The ability was there, most strongly marked.

Prof. Bone rose, like a man in a dream.

"That will be half-a-guinea," said Professor Carraby.

"Oh, yes," said Prof. Bone. "Half-a-guinea. Yes, of course."

And later that afternoon he might have been seen on the West Pleasure Beach, smashing his easel and his chart and the rest of his things to pieces—small pieces.

And later still, in the station at St. Ethelbert's Bay, getting on a train for London. First class for the first time in his life.

Next Week:

"Fame and Mr. Fenchurch." Another brilliant short story by Will Scott, the English O. Henry, who takes his plots from the lives of the people around you.

PAIN AFTER MEALS

Is your stomach still struggling with your last meal? You're gasping with wind and doubled up with indigestion. Why? Because your stomach is always too acid. It sours every mouthful. It turns meat into leather. You can stop these agonising attacks this very day by taking 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets. They relieve acidity at once. No matter what you eat, your stomach makes easy work of digesting it. No sour repeating, no heartburn, no flatulence, not a twinge of your old agony.

What about your next meal? Are you going to submit to torture when 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets will save you? Make that meal the test. Get a tin of the Tablets now and have them in readiness. You'll be thankful you tried them. Neat flat tins for the pocket, 6d. and 1/-. Also family sizes, 2/- and 3/6. Of all chemists.

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

KEATING'S KILLS

ANTS
MOTHS
BEETLES
FLEAS *etc.—even bugs*

● For over half a century KEATING'S POWDER has proved the best and safest insecticide for the home, for poultry, dogs and all pets. Invaluable when sprinkled in furs, clothes, bedding, etc., as a preventative against moth. *Kills Green Fly.* — But it must be KEATING'S

Cartels 2d., 6d., 1/-. Powder Flasks 1/-.

NOT FROM THE B.B.C.

OH, THOSE COCKNEY SPEAKEASIES!

Wotabahtit, wotabahtit, Miss Cobby?

Hi! you Cockneys, meet Miss Cobby,
Whose profession and whose hobby
Is to teach
Us to be less harsh and hazy,
Less notoriously lazy
In our speech!

So be careful how you greet her;
Bow politely when you meet her,
Touch the tips
Of her fingers, but don't let her
Hear your voice; lest you upset her,
Seal your lips!

TO Miss M. C. Cobby, speech-training mistress at Latymer School, Edmonton, the noise made by a road-drill with an impediment in its speech is music compared with the sound emitted by a Cockney 'bus conductor demanding "Fezpleeze."

While recounting to a City of London Vacation Course the sufferings inflicted on her sensitive ears, she was anxious to let it be known that she has no objection to patois, brogue or dialect.

Why, then, assail the Cockney?

★

If it is thought quaint, pleasing and racy of the soil when an inhabitant of Somerset says "zur" for "sir," why should language professors experience a rush of indignation to the tonsils when a London 'bus conductor says "Kew" for "Thank you"?

According to Miss Cobby, Southerners generally are lazy in their speech, and Londoners the worst of the lot.

They cause her acute distress by saying "lino," "phone" and "photo," instead of "linoleum," "telephone" and "photograph."

But wot abaht Miss Cobby herself? If she is correctly reported, she spoke of the appalling accent of the London "bus" conductor, when presumably she meant "omnibus."

In business and industry elimination of superfluous effort is welcomed as making for efficiency, but when we use the economy axe on words and succinctly express our opinion of the weather by remarking "Sot, int it?" we are attacked by scholastic mandarins.

★

This despite the fact that the said mandarins are themselves guilty of such barbarous abbreviations as "Mus. Bac." for "Bachelor of Music."

As one born within sound of the Bow Bells and easy walking distance of the Six Bells, I am fed to the upper denture with these strictures upon the Bakerloo dialect, than which there is none that so clearly and tersely expresses the more urgent needs and deeper emotions of daily life.

Though pedantic folks complain,
Cockney speech will still remain
To charm the ears of Cockneys,
do not doubt it;
For when Jim remarks "It sot."
Bill will answer like a shot,
In words akin to music.
"Wotabahtit?"

It is possible, perhaps,
There are poor, benighted saps
Who to such speech in vain
would seek a clue;
But the invitation's clear
To the well-trained Cockney ear
Says Jim to William: "Dontmindiffydo!"

Y. Z.

WHEN FATE STRIKES . . .

FATE struck once. The breadwinner in a hitherto properous Irish homestead lost his job.

Fate struck again. One night the home burst into flames.

A neighbour smelt burning, found smoke pouring into her house; went out, and found it issuing from the front-door of that home that had seemed to have become the special butt of fate.

The fire brigade was summoned, but the kitchen was a furnace when it arrived.

Fate tried to strike a third time.

Husband wife and child in that stricken home were saved by seconds—and then only because of the heroism of the neighbours before the firemen arrived.

But most of the house was wrecked. Beds were twisted scraps of blistered iron. Furniture was ashes. The only clothing left was the night attire worn by the occupants.

We of JOHN BULL have sent many thousands of cheques to people hard hit by Fate.

The substantial cheque we sent to that hard-hit household we sent with the feeling: "Never was well-merited money so necessary."

It was merited because the husband had signed the simple form which will confer on you the full benefits of JOHN BULL'S free family insurance scheme if you do what he did.

* * *

Acknowledging our cheque, the husband wrote: "I really don't know what we would have done without it. It came as a godsend. It was indeed a blessing when my wife urged that we ought to become registered readers of JOHN BULL."

By the way, registered readers of JOHN BULL continue to enjoy the full protection of our great free family insurance gift while on holiday anywhere within the British Isles.

In the event of a claim arising they will be required to show that they purchased JOHN BULL while away and that, before leaving home, they instructed their newsagent to resume delivery on their return.

If you are not already a registered reader, turn to the registration form which appears on page 2.

EVERYBODY'S JOINING THE 'MORE BITES FOR 2d' LEAGUE

Wonderful value — and all favourite soft centres when you buy chocolates the Filled Block way

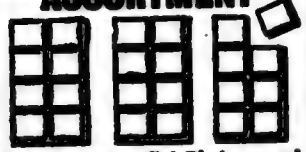
Looks like life is sweet for these smiling people. The secret? They've tasted Filled Blocks! How about seeing YOU smile for a change?

Hands across the counter—bringing good cheer to the 'more bites for 2d.' league! Are *you* a member? You *can* be—by simply buying your chocolates in a new way that gives better selection and better value.

Here's how you go about it. *Just buy your chocolates in the form of Cadburys Filled Blocks.* Simple enough, eh? *And* there are *three* big advantages. *One*, you need only spend 2d. *Two*, you choose your own pet centre. *Three*, you get amazing value. There are eight sections in Cadburys Filled Blocks—that's eight delicious soft-centre chocolates for only 2d. Or putting it another way, 2 full ounces for 2d.—only 4d. a quarter pound!

Whatever your favourite soft-centre is you'll find it in the delightful Filled Block range. Take your choice from Marzipan, Caramello—ask to see the whole twelve flavour-favourites. They are making more mouths water every day, and they are much too good to go on missing.

CHOOSE YOUR OWN ASSORTMENT



Each Cadburys Filled Block costs 2d. and has 8 sections of the same soft-centre filling. So when you spend, say 6d., you can choose three different soft centres and make up your own perfect assortment. And don't forget the amazing value . . .

24 CHOCOLATES FOR 6P

2 oz 2D

Marzipan, Caramello, Turkish Delight, Milk Coffee Truffle and every other favourite flavour.

CADBURY FILLED BLOCKS

It's Stork that makes this cake so good!

A cake like this in your larder and you'll be proud of the tea you serve to unexpected callers! It's the kind of cake that everyone enjoys—and it stays fresh and delicious because it's made with Stork! But Stork is best for all kinds of cake! For plain cakes, for glorious fruit cakes, and for tempting sponge cakes and seed cakes. Use Stork, too, for the kind of chocolate cake your guests will praise, and the sort of layer cake the children love. Stork's grand for Christmas cakes too, and for the little cakes you turn out at a moment's notice! If you want to know how to make all these, and lots more besides, send for your copy of the Stork cookery book, THE COMPLETE GUIDE TO HOME COOKING—it's *absolutely free!* Fill in the voucher now!

Post this voucher now!

Please send ..ss a copy of your Free Book, "The Complete Guide to Home Cooking," which contains REGULO MARKS for all baked dishes.

Fill in your name and address and send this voucher to The Stork Company, Dept. Y. 13., Unilever House, Blackfriars, London, E.C.4, in an unsealed ½d-stamped envelope.

Name.....

Street.....

Town.....

(PLEASE WRITE IN BLOCK LETTERS)

SUNSHINE VITAMINS A & D

GIFT COUPON WITH EVERY POUND

STORK MARGARINE

JB 230-71-38

"Only the crippled engines stood between us and eternity . . . as the typhoon tossed the ship about like a piece of thistledown"

Another "Captain Reckless" Yarn
By FRANK H. SHAW

WHISKY BILL

ALISTAIR WILLIAM MACRIMMAN — "Whisky Bill"—was the Merchant Navy's worst bargain. Aboard ship he was aggressive but skilful. When we reached port —any port—he promptly went ashore on a pretext of attending to supplies of bunker-coal and vanished until the time we were due to sail.

Once I went in search of him, getting a hint to visit a saloon of the blackest reputation. He was there—had been there for almost a week at the same table.

When too drunk to sit, he slithered to the floor and slept; then, sobering, crawled back to the chair and demanded more liquor.

I was strongly tempted to discharge him. But he pleaded, as abjectly as a Clydeside Scot ever can plead, for another chance. I softened my heart and he remained sober until we sailed.

Then the second engineer, who hated him, came to the bridge to demand that the chief should be put in irons, as he was raging round the engine-room with a spanner and threatening to brain anyone who refused to buy him a drink.

It was a bad case of D.T.s. Macrimman had kept clear of drink for just so long; after which he had bribed a bumboat-woman to fetch some raw, overproof rum. This was in San Lucio, in the Caribbean Sea.

I didn't iron him down the fore-peak; but I mixed a 10 per cent. bromide solution and forced him to drink it frequently, meantime having him lashed down in his bunk to save him from himself.

WHEN he came to his senses he was very grateful and promised reform. There wasn't anything he couldn't do with steel and steam and oil; as a repentance gift he fashioned me a miniature engine that gladdened my small son's heart—an engine that worked as well as full-sized machinery.

We were tramping hither and yon: collecting cargoes where we could, delivering them where we must. Our journeys took us over all the seven seas, to the most unlikely places.

We carried all sorts of things about the Pacific, from copra to guano and Chinese peasants going into virtual slavery in the Chilean nitre-fields.

We even had a bit of a scrimmage with pirates who, disguised as coolies, took passage with us and attempted a rising when we were within reach of Bias Bay.

During that mêlée Macrimman armed himself with a pinch-bar and literally ran amok amongst the treacherous Chinks: he had as much to do with our successful delivery as any man aboard.

But after things were reduced to order he went looting on his own account. Finding some samchu—potent rice-spirit—amongst the coolies' baggage, he helped himself so liberally that he was out of action for several days, and I had to resort to my bromide solution again.

At the end of this lengthy voyage, we arrived in Antwerp and paid off. I handed Macrimman more than £200, the residue of his earnings; two hours later I met him in the street and he was almost totally incapable.

He invited me into a sewing-machine shop for refreshments—he took the little tables for those of a drinking saloon!—and I helped myself to his money.

All I left him was a couple of pounds. With the rest I bought a money order which I remitted to his mother.

I said nothing about it. He wasn't married—or if he was, his wife had abandoned him. He would have been anything but a model husband, anyhow.

After three days he came aboard, full of woe. The saloon-keepers and Dolly Mops had ridded him of his pay-day. He was penniless.

STILL I said nothing, leaving him to stew in his own juice. He tried to borrow a pound from me to quench his undying thirst; I refused. In any case, I said, I wasn't sure I'd re-engage him; and in that case he'd be on the beach with no likelihood of repaying the loan.

He said: "And they ca' us Scots the misers o' the worrld!"

He meant to wither me; but I didn't feel withered.

Then one day he came shambling along to my cabin and pounded me on the back until my nose almost blew. He called me an "auld twister" and other opprobrious names; but he was full of delight. His mother had written, acknowledging the gift of money, saying how it promised to change life for her.

"After this," he declared, "wild horrses 'd not rid the ship o' me."

I TOOK the opportunity to advise continued sobriety. He said: "The minute I get cash I'll be awa' on the razzle again!"

And he was. It was probably commission from the bunkering firm; he remained drunk until we were ready to sail. Liquor was cheap in Antwerp, whisky being 12s. a case; he laid in a stock that would have supplied the *Queen Mary* for a round trip.

When he was soddenly asleep I had all his hoard put under lock and key, and afterwards unblushingly told him I'd jettisoned it overboard.

He said it was sinful waste, but believed me. Then of his own free will he asked me for more bromide treatment. But at Singapore he went ashore and was brought back by two Sikh policemen in a hopelessly fuddled state.

It went on that way—bouts of repentance succeeded by bouts of reckless dissipation. When sober, he spent his time with his beloved engines, polishing, refreshing, renewing. They were mother and children to him: and they needed a lot of attention because the ship was old.

What a human being could do to that machinery, Macrimman did. He worked the juniors unmercifully. He used a seven-eighths spanner to enforce his will with the black squad; I had to stitch up one or two ugly gashes in firemen's and trimmers' skulls.

I threatened him with discharge; weakened, relented. He was a heart-break, but he was quite frank about it. If there was a wrong road to take he'd take it, no matter if it led straight to destruction.

HE was still aboard when I got a charter for Iloilo. He had asked me to do a dockyard job with the ship's main circulating pump; but without authority from Home this could not be permitted.

It was approaching the typhoon season, and early reports stated that weather of exceptional violence might be expected.

We started out, loaded to our marks with a valuable cargo. The second engineer presided in the engine-room, Macrimman being in his usual sailing-day state.

Indeed, it is a wonder I did not have him pitched over the side neck and crop. The second engineer was always asking me to do it and give him the vacancy, threatening to report me to Head Office; hinting that there must be a nefarious collusion between me and the chief.

We called in at one or two minor ports to discharge parcels of cargo, then started

(Continued on page 28)

ORANGE JUICE IN A MOMENT

An 8/6 Squeezer

OFFERED TO YOU

for 3/6★

and 30 Wrappers from any South African Oranges

EVERYBODY knows that fresh orange juice is one of the finest health drinks in existence. There is no more popular or healthful fruit in the world than the ripe, sweet, healthful South African oranges you see in the fruit-shop. The Citrus Growers of South Africa, working with expert designers, have produced the simplest and best fruit squeezer ever invented, and they now offer one to every "John Bull" reader. The Springbok Orange Squeezer is beautifully modelled in polished aluminium and looks like a wedding present. Untarnishable, easily washable under a tap, it has no mechanical parts to bother you. In one simple movement it extracts every drop of juice from an orange. A turn of the wrist and all the juice pours into the glass entirely free from pips, pulp and skin.

The Springbok Squeezer is not for sale. If it were, it would cost at least 8s. 6d. There is only one way to obtain a Springbok Squeezer and here it is:

★ WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO.

Fill in the coupon in the Front Cover announcement and post it with a 3s. 6d. Postal Order and 30 wrappers from any brand of South African Oranges, such as "Outspan," "Goldland," etc. A Springbok Squeezer will then be dispatched to you, carriage paid, thereby effecting a clear saving to you of 5s. Please post coupon, or write mentioning "John Bull," enclosing the 30 wrappers with 3s. 6d. remittance to The South African Citrus Committee (c/o M. & C.), Brettenham House, Lancaster Place, W.C.2. "Outspan" and "Goldland" Oranges distinguish the very pick of South Africa's orange crops, conforming to the very highest standards of sweetness and juice content. They are the best that you can buy. Buy them now and start collecting your wrappers so that you can accept this special offer.

Race with "Silver Ring"

French Bid for the Double

SOME gentlemen once said, "Hats off to France."

I do not suppose they had the Cambridgeshire and the Cesarewitch in mind, but at the moment the phrase is apposite.

Apart from the French-bred horses which have been running in this country for some time, fifteen entries were made in Paris for the Cambridgeshire, and twenty-six for the long-distance race.

One immediately looks for nominations of Mr. A. K. Macomber, as he landed the double some years ago with Forseti and Masked Marvel.

He has Khasnadar in the Cambridgeshire, but is without an entry in the other event.

Khasnadar won the Prix de la Municipalite, at Deauville, a few days ago, and is very useful.

M. Pierre Wertheimer, of Epinard fame, is responsible for Pou du Ciel in the Cambridgeshire. I think the two mentioned are probably the best of the batch.

Of the twenty-six nominated for the Cesarewitch, I like best Vaisseau Fantome, which ran third to Epigram and Senor in the Goodwood Cup.

This colt ran quite well in the Grand Prix de Paris.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, August 18, to Wednesday, August 24.

X Z Q C 93 B 94 M S R P O 98 T F U
97 L H J I 95 E D K V W A N 96 G Y

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example: 89398FKQ93W would read KING-SHIP.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of the horse the figure 2 is substituted. OJQ93Z2 would read ACHILL.

A 'plus' dog is never finicky about his food

"KEEN ON HIS MEALS AGAIN"

"My dog was a 'bad doer' and a nuisance to feed," writes Mrs. R. O. of Holyhead. "I have seen him refuse good beef, preferring to go without until he could have some tasty liver. I started giving him Bob Martin's, and a few days later I was delighted to find him keen on his meals again. He's in great form now."

WHEN YOUR DOG REFUSES THE MEAL you have prepared for him, you are probably annoyed at the thought of good food being wasted. But your dog can't help himself. A poor appetite shows that impurities in your dog's blood have made his stomach sour. Whenever the weather warms up, these impurities are aggravated, and unless they are removed your dog may fall a victim to blood disorders far more serious than loss of appetite.

Your dog cannot rid himself of blood impurities by perspiring, because there are *no pores in his skin*. Nature's way to keep him in condition is to provide blood correctives among certain wild grasses. But these are beyond your dog's reach, and in their place you should provide him with Bob Martin's Condition Powders, which contain the natural blood correctives he needs.

'PLUS' DOGS ARE NEVER OFF THEIR FOOD

Because his blood is kept pure by Bob Martin's Condition Powders, a 'plus' dog always has a healthy appetite. These famous powders prevent and cure all the common blood disorders such as scratching, listlessness, sour breath, loss of appetite, loose coat and eczema. The result of regular Bob Martin's is that dogs enjoy a life of constant health and happiness.

MAKE YOUR DOG A 'PLUS' DOG

Begin now to give your dog his 'one Bob Martin's once a day'. In a very short time he'll reach a wonderful new level of fitness. He'll be a finer, friendlier companion — with better health, better coat, better spirits. He'll be a 'plus' dog.

DANGER MONTHS FOR DOGS

All dogs are subject to overheating on warm days. If your dog is out of condition, this sudden overheating will aggravate the impurities which have collected in his blood. Before you can act he may go down with one or other of the blood disorders so many dogs suffer in summer. Prevent hot weather risks! Put your dog right *now* with a course of Bob Martin's Condition Powders (full directions in every packet), and then *keep* him a 'plus' dog with 'one Bob Martin's once a day'. In packets, 6d. and 1/-, from all chemists and dog-food shops.

to keep dogs fit the *'plus'* dog way

Bob Martin's

is the rule to-day

BEAUTY DEMANDS
OLIVE OIL FOR THE SKIN

Keep the loveliness of youth in your skin for always. Keep it with Palmolive. Skin stays soft and supple under Palmolive's gentle daily care. That wonderful creamy olive oil lather cleanses deeply and beautifies, too. So use Palmolive every time you wash, and every time you bath.

PALMOLIVE

3d per tablet

The Human Machine

WHAT ABOUT TO-MORROW?

IN a world that is doing more in a week than previous generations did in ten years, there is a danger of our joining the general rush to nowhere in particular unless we occasionally sit back and think about it all.

There's no purpose in merely going. There's no purpose, either, in merely doing.

The journey, even the method of the journey, is of small importance compared with the destination.

If you've never stopped to think where you're going, or why you're doing what you are, now's the time.

Do it now.

There are three quite simple questions you can put to yourself—and answer if you can.

What have you really achieved? What are you busy achieving at the moment? What do you intend to achieve in the future?

If there's any sort of purpose in your life you can find some sort of an answer to those questions—or at least to one of them.

Some unknown person put it rather neatly this way:—

"I'd rather be a Could Be
If I could not be an Are,
For a Could Be is a Maybe,
With a chance of touching par.
I'd rather be a Has Been
Than a Might Have Been by far,
For a Might Have Been has never been,
But a Has was once an Are."

After all, though it may be a rough and ready method, the world tends to judge you by what you have done, and, from one point of view, the world isn't so far wrong.

To do something and to do it well: to do something and to put our best into the doing: to do something and not let up till we have gone the limit of our ability: that is the secret of escaping the title "Might Have Been."

WHISKY BILL

(Continued from page 26)

across the Pacific. The weather was good, but it was a false promise. Even now, after a lapse of years, I hardly know how to describe what we endured.

We encountered one violent storm as a sample of things to come, and it was only Macrimman's work on the rickety old engines that got us through it.

We loaded at Iloilo for Honolulu. Once again, it was a full cargo.

The engines gave us more trouble when we were four days away from port. They were treacled up and we went on.

Macrimman constantly deplored the owners' meanness in not having an overhaul; he blamed me for it as well.

Next, the circulating pump petered out and we were compelled to stop. There was a vile swell running, the barometer was causing me a lot of concern.

My calculations showed that we were not far distant from the Marshal Islands, most of which are coral atolls barely showing above the surface.

Still, the weather was calm despite that unholy swell. Macrimman came to the bridge and asked for a drink; I refused. He said the damage was practically irreparable; I said that something must be done to keep the ship moving.

Sooner or later the threatened typhoon would break. If it caught us powerless, we couldn't survive. And there were close on fifty men aboard.

"It's a dockyard job," he protested. "Gi'e me a drink an' I'll do my best."

For a long time afterwards the air was full of sound: hissing steam and clanking metal.

For myself, I watched the weather, and my heart sank with the barometer.

The typhoon threatening was going to be a terror.

I had the deck-crowd working like niggers, making everything secure. The boats were doubly-lashed down; extra tarpaulins wedged over all the hatches.

As the tension of the atmosphere grew I sent down word to Macrimman that we must have steam—no matter what it cost. He came up, flushed, grimy, bleeding, to say he daren't put steam through those adjectived engines.

"But I'll do my best," he said. "What time have we?"

I SAID the typhoon couldn't be long in bursting—and it burst within an hour, laying the ship almost on her beam-ends.

From the direction of the wind it made the Marshal Group a dead lee-shore. We stood to drift to leeward almost as rapidly as we could steam.

But no steam was forthcoming. The sheer weight of wind lifted the boats away like thistledown. No great sea got up, the sheer drive of wind flattened it; but presently it would be colossal.

The chart-house crumpled like a card-castle. I was afraid the funnel would go over the side. Solid sheets of spindrift drove at me, almost flattened me to the deck.

Frantically I demanded steam. Macrimman had got at my liquor again, but he said we should have steam and we got it. Not a lot. Ominously, the engine-room skylight belched loose steam.

But the engines began to work, slowly at first, then with increasing speed. None the less, it seemed a lifetime before I was able to work the ship's bow into the wind and get her on an even keel.

This deluged her decks with water; big seas came crashing against the superstructure, threatening to unseat it and sweep the lot overboard.

Night fell to find us still struggling. Only the crippled engines stood between us and eternity.

About midnight, the second engineer came to the bridge to say that Macrimman had ordered all engineers and greasers from the engine-room; he intended to stay down there himself.

I struggled below and took a glance—the place was white with steam. Then I had to return to the bridge to take the overtried ship through her flurry.

We scrabbled on throughout the night. The firemen could not stay below for longer than half-hour stretches. When the engineers tried to go below again, the chief drove them on deck.

He wasn't drunk any longer; but he was more savage, they said, than ever he was in delirium.

Dawn showed a pitiless outlook.

SIGHTS were impossible, so I could form no estimate of our whereabouts. But it seemed likely that the Marshals were pretty close under our lee. If we touched we died, that was all there was to be said.

Still Macrimman kept the engines going and going.

Afterwards, when the typhoon eased, and I was able to get sights, I calculated that we scraped through by less than a mile; though as it was impossible to see more than a hundred yards or to hear any breakers above the tumult, we may have been much nearer.

Our engines have saved us.

The typhoon died with the suddenness of such happenings, and we looked at one-another like people who've holidayed in the Bottomless Pit.

Then the engines stopped dead. We went below and found my dissolute mechanic. He was dead—at the post of duty.

His last living act had been to close the throttles and save the leaking pump from total destruction.

All the flesh was boiled off his bones. He'd lived through indescribable torments; but he'd stuck it out. The place was drenched with condensed steam that had blistered the paint. But on one stretch of white enamel he had painted with a grease-brush:—

"Thanks for trying to save me!"

That was all. Dying at his post was Whisky Bill's idea of gratitude.

RHEUMATISM and LUMBAGO

nearly cost lady her job!

Pity the elderly man or woman in a job when he or she is seized by severe Rheumatics! What chance has either of holding the job then? What chance in these days of getting another?

Mrs. E. M., of Dulwich Village, is one of thousands of victims who dreaded losing her livelihood—and came within an ace of doing it! "For years," she writes, "I have been a Rheumatic sufferer, and nearly every winter was laid up with Lumbago. The last attack was so severe, I began to think I should never stand up again! I was continually falling down, and the use would suddenly go out of my legs. I had the greatest difficulty, too, in stooping. I started taking Fynnon Salt 8 months ago, and the marvellous results I obtained have been a godsend to me, for I went in fear of losing my job. To-day, at 60, I am as active as a young woman, and work is a pleasure—thanks to Fynnon Salt. I would not be without it for anything."

In Fynnon Salt are the self-same mineral elements of Sodium, Potassium and Lithium, that have made certain Spas world famous for their "cures." A teaspoonful in a tumblerful of water daily rinses Rheumatic toxins clean away and keeps you joyously fit and supple. Large tins 1/3.

LION Ointment will clear them away! 90 years' use has proved it sure—for Boils, Carbuncles, Eczema, Septic Wounds, Abscesses, Haemorrhoids; even Bad Legs.

"Acts like magic" Miss M.E.D.

It's so QUICK! Infection OUT; then forms a clean new healthy skin. Safe, even for infants.

BURGESS' LION OINTMENT

From Chemists, 1/3, 2/-, 5/-. 1/3

The Good-Natured Laxative

LIXEN

LIXEN, Bottles 1/- & 1/9 LOZENGES, Tins 7½d & 1/-

When Buying a Car

T	Y		E

One more letter in the vacant space above is wanted to complete a word aptly answering the Clue, "Motorist chooses the one he likes when buying car."

Got it? Very well, run over all the Clues for this week's bright JOHN BULL *Crossword on page 36 and your reward for speeding to catch the post with your entry may well be £5 Monthly for Life, £300, and a Free Family Trip to Glasgow's great Empire Exhibition.*

They've Routed Raffles!

YOUR only chance of reading about a high-powered cracksman nowadays is in the pages of "thrillers."

For science has put him out of business.

After a century's struggle between safe-maker and safe-breaker, the latter no longer stands a chance.

First victory in the long battle of wits was won by electric welding, which stopped Raffles from ripping off the safe's door or back.

Then his cutters were countered by undrillable steel. His nitro-glycerine—"soap," as he called it—was defeated by safes proof against explosives.

And now his blowpipe, which could cut through three inches of the toughest metal in a matter of minutes, has been rendered useless by a new discovery.

It is an alloy so tough that it would take him a whole week-end to cut through half an inch, and then only if he were free to make a lot of noise.

There have been other developments, too—all of them calculated to break the crook's heart.

Revolving Safe

One of the most recent is a revolving safe. Made from the new alloy, it is mounted on a special base and kept revolving by an electric motor worked from the inside, thus making it impossible for the burglar to concentrate on any one spot for more than a few seconds.

The latest combination-lock for large safes is not only keyless, but its four-wheel combination can be set in *one hundred million* different codings. It would take the most astute cracksman a lifetime to try to work out the right permutation.

As for the strong rooms used to protect valuables in banks and safe deposits, no crook on earth could get into them.

Quite apart from the immense strength of the safes themselves, huge beds of reinforced concrete protect the vaults on all sides, while the entrances are protected by steel doors that can only be opened with four separate keys.

But the problem that baffled safe-makers longer than any other was to find an alloy not only burglar-proof but fire-resisting. The safe that could successfully serve both purposes took many years to perfect.

Such an alloy was at last discovered. After it had been put through rigorous tests, the problem was a problem no longer

A safe made from it not only defied all attempts to break it open, but after being heated in a furnace for more than two hours and reaching a temperature of 1,820 degs. Fahrenheit it was dropped from a height of twenty feet, heated again in the furnace, then sprayed with cold water.

Tricky Fingers

Yet when the door was opened its contents were found to be unharmed.

The papers and banknotes were unscorched; not a drop of water had found its way in!

But certainly there are men for whom the strongest safes have no terrors.

They are the chief locksmiths employed by firms of safe-makers, and they spend most of their time picking locks and opening strong-boxes that have jammed.

Using few tools, they work almost entirely by touch and instinct. The trickiest combination lock becomes a simple problem for their amazingly sensitive fingers.

Even if they have to use a drill, they usually pierce a hole no larger than that made by a pin. For they know exactly where to drill so as to reach the tumblers of the lock.

Their shady brethren, lacking their knowledge and facilities, are finding the cracksman's game not worth the blowpipe!

BEER IS BEST

There's naught like beer to add a zest
To every sort of fare–
It's not enough to say 'it's best'–
It's quite beyond compare!

For beer is brewed from malt and hops
And water crystal clear,
So, at whatever inn he stops,
The wise man calls for beer.

STICK TO

BEER

It's piping cool!

LLOYDS'
Bondman
TOBACCO

RICH RUDDY VIRGINIA 11½d per oz.
EMPIRE BLEND ..... 10d per oz.
IN easy to open VACUUM TINS

Richard Lloyd & Sons (Branch of Cope Bros. & Co., Ltd.), Bondman Corner, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1

STOP SUMMER SUFFERING

Relief for 2D

HEADACHES STOPPED FOR 2D
If you have a dull, throbbing Headache, a heavy Pain over the eyes caused by the sun, you can stop it for 2d. by taking a *Beechams Powder!*

NEURALGIA ENDED FOR 2D
Beechams Powders quickly end the maddening pain of Neuralgia, bringing ease and relief for the small cost of just Two Pennies.

NERVE AGONY BANISHED FOR 2D
The Agony of Nerve Pain goes for 2d. under the powerful, relieving influence of *Beechams Powders.*

RHEUMATISM EASED FOR 2D
Don't put up with the stabbing twinge of Rheumatism, Sciatica or Lumbago. Get relief for 2d.—take *Beechams Powders!* The relief they bring is worth more than gold!

BEECHAMS POWDERS

ACT LIKE MAGIC

Cartons of 8 Powders 1/3. Single Powders 2d. each.
Not Laxative. Sold Everywhere. A Beecham Product.

POOR PARSONS IN PALACES

You may envy him when you hear that his stipend is £1,000 a year. But, very often, most of the sum is swallowed by the upkeep of the great barracks of a rectory in which he is forced to live.

LONG MELFORD, Suffolk, is a pleasant place.

It has a fine church, a palatial rectory.

Recently the Rector, the Rev. G. B. Ince, resigned.

Why should a man with a life freehold of a glorious old house, set in lovely scenery, and a four-figure stipend throw it all up?

The answer is a simple one.

Because he could not afford to carry on.

Long Melford, like many another benefice in the country, is encumbered by a vast mansion in which the incumbent is forced to live.

It is these great houses, utterly unfitted for modern conditions, that are driving country parsons to distraction and sometimes to ruin.

Burden of Bills

Take Long Melford as an example.

The stipend is £1,075 a year, which sounds pretty handsome compared with the incomes of most people.

But that fine figure is gross. The actual income is £766 and the house.

Even so, you may say, £14 a week is a fat round sum.

But out of that amount the parson has to keep his huge rectory in repairs. He has to keep the big garden going.

With one hand the Church pays him a goodly wage; with the other she saddles him with financial burdens that leave him poor.

Listen to the Rev. Stanley Smith, Rector of Buckhurst Hill, in the parish magazine:

"No other professional man is compelled to live in a house three times too large for the income attached to it.

"But the garden is an even greater burden. Its two acres produce cabbages which cost 2s. 6d. each. . . ."

Vanishing Clergy

In 1914 there were 21,000 clergy in the Established Church. To-day that number has slumped to 17,000.

Why?

Because men are frightened of the poverty generally involved in taking holy orders.

Of the above total of clergy, a round twelve thousand live in glebe houses, as these vast, rambling, and oft-times ruinous old mansions are called.

In a single year more than 1,100 parsons have had to swallow their pride and apply for charitable assistance.

They cannot afford proper food, proper clothes, money for the education of their children.

But they live in mansions that are lordly—seen from the outside.

Listen to Sir George Middleton: "There are poverty stipends, large houses and gardens which have to be kept up on stipends that parishioners would not dream of regarding as possible."

West Tisted is a charming little place near Alton, Hampshire.

Last year the Rector resigned.

In 32 years this village has had no fewer than eight parsons. All have resigned.

Why? Because with the living goes a house so damp and mouldy that fungus grows out of its walls and floors.

Sixteen Rooms

When the Rector left this house last year he did so on doctor's orders. It was unfit to live in.

There is an Essex village where the parsonage dominates the scene because of its size.

It has sixteen large apartments and a huge old-world garden.

The Vicar who is forced to occupy it receives £290 a year. His rates and taxes are £53.

He is obliged to keep the fabric in repair—and in good repair—to deliver it to his successor.

Without a private purse, how can he do this?

The answer is: He cannot.

In an Oxfordshire village lives another parson who does all his own housework. So bad is the ancient mansion in which he has to live that it has recently been condemned by the surveyor.

Wife Speaks Out

At the last Church Assembly a parson's wife got up and spoke.

Her theme was not the morals of the village or any nonsense about the wicked young modern people. Her theme was the rectory in which she and her family had to live.

Said she: "So enormous is the vicarage that if you played a brass band in the kitchen it would not be heard in the drawing-room."

The living of Christ Church, Tottenham, fell vacant. It was offered to a likely man.

He looked at the old-fashioned and huge rectory and shook his head.

A second man was approached. He did the same—looked and thought better of it. And so with the third.

Only then did the Church authorities realise that if Tottenham was to have a parson the ancient and absurd parsonage would have to be sold with its huge unwanted garden.

There is a vicar in the Midlands whose stipend is £133 10s. 8d. gross. After paying the outgoings he has the handsome sum of £70 0s. 10d. left.

He has a family of four and a parsonage that could house a dozen.

£3,770 a Year

How does this poor fellow live?

By the only means open to him—outside help.

The Bishop of Rochester recently told of a parson who, living in a great vicarage, has maintained his family for seventeen years on £280 a year. He has five children.

A former vicar of Folkestone admitted that in twenty years he had never bought himself a suit of clothes.

In the end, proud and wounded, he had to ask for assistance.

At the other end of the scale are the rich livings that make possible the upkeep of these great mansions of another day.

For example, St. Mary the Virgin, Bury, is a living with a fine house and a fine stipend—£3,770.

But do not run away with the idea that the parson has that to spend upon himself.

There are parishes that are so big and costly to administer that they are miniature dioceses.

Such a one is the living of Stoke-on-Trent, whose rector receives the princely salary or stipend of £3,500 a year.

But to run his great parish he has to employ no fewer than eight curates.

Church Hits Out

Some of the hottest criticism of this lamentable state of things comes from the Church itself.

At every Church Assembly the evil is debated. But little is done.

There are six thousand benefices with costly houses in which the incumbents are forced to live, and with incomes under £400 a year.

Gnawed at by poverty, untrained to launch out on some profitable sideline, and precluded from following a trade, these poor parsons in their little palaces solve their financial problems as best they can.

Sometimes their method of solving their problems leads to desperate plights.

For it is into the letter-boxes of these vast houses of the clergy that are dropped, day after day, circulars that tempt the man in need of cash.

For the sharepusher and the unscrupulous moneylender there is no easier game than the hard-up parson who must have money at any price.

Shylock's Net

He is the easiest game for a simple reason—he, above all members of the community, cannot afford scandal.

What would the bishop say of this? What would your parishioners think about it?

Potent arguments to use with the poor parson caught in the Shylock's net.

The Church of England, unlike the disestablished churches and the Nonconformists is not poor. It is rich.

The problem is not enough money to provide for the clergy. It is the practical problem of reforming the system of distribution of wealth.

Endowments need to be more equally spread among the working clergy.

That is one thing about which there are no two opinions, but a powerful mass of official inertia.

Last, all these great houses that you may see up and down England should be sold to those who can afford to live in them.

Gone are the days when the parson was the second squire in the village.

To-day, if he is to do his job, he needs to have his financial house in order.

But, as things are, that is too often made impossible for him by the Church to which he belongs and whose service is his life's work.

Germolene

Brand ASEPTIC OINTMENT

Soothes and Heals

SORE, TENDER FEET!

Here's wonderful news for all who suffer with their feet! Just read this enthusiastic letter about GERMOLENE:

DEAR SIRS, For months I have suffered from aching and blistered feet, and having tried all kinds of "remedies" I was still without any relief. At times I could not put my feet to the ground.

I bought a 6d. tin of GERMOLENE and after applying this to my feet I am able to say I feel as if I had new feet. (Signed) *R. R., Walthamstow.*

The Wonder Remedy for

SUNBURNS BAD LEG WOUNDS
HEAT RASH PSORIASIS SCALDS
ECZEMA PIMPLES BOILS, etc.

Skin Troubles cannot resist the healing power of GERMOLENE. Instantly it commences to reduce the swelling, cleanse festering and poisoned wounds and remove fiery inflammation. Even frightening ulcers which have persisted for *years* are healed by GERMOLENE.

6D. Get a tin TO-DAY!

1/3, 3/- & 12/- Per Tin—Tubes 4/6

NOTE: When you have been cured by GERMOLENE Ointment, never use anything else on your skin but GERMOLENE MEDICATED TOILET SOAP 6d. per Tablet. All Chemists.

THE MAN WHO WANTED TO KILL . . . .

He is dead now. . . . Slain on the scaffold.

But his friends remember him, and one of them has revealed his strange story to JOHN BULL.

It is the story of a respectable citizen who, goaded by his conscience, decided in cold blood to kill one of the most famous men on earth.

It is a story that will grip you from the first word to the last. And it is true. It happened only a few months ago.

Read "The Man Who Wanted to Kill" in our next issue.

£35 for LIMERICKS

1ST PRIZE £15
SECOND £5
THIRD £3
FOURTH £2
TEN of £1 each

A wealthy young broker named Paye
Proposed to a film star one day
"Let's walk down the aisle
And do it in style

SOME RHYMES: *Affray, allay, array, astray, away, ballet, betray, ch, essay, fray, gay, gainsay, jay, lay, may, maline, nay, obey, pay, play, portray, pray, repay, roundelay, say, spray, stray, sway, survey, trail, weigh.*

CONDITIONS.

The Proprietors of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese offer a first prize of £15 and other prizes, as stated, for what they consider the best last line to this Limerick. Write your last line on paper and attach the coloured label from a portion of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese (either Cheddar, Cheshire or Dunlop). Send as many attempts as you like, which may be all on one sheet, but for each must be attached a label. The Lines will come before a competent staff of adjudicators. The Managing Director's decision is final and legally binding. Address to:

Competition (Dept. 12), WILTS UNITED DAIRIES LTD., TROWBRIDGE, WILTS.

Closing Date: Entries must reach us not later than Friday, September 2, 1938. A List of Winners will be sent to every competitor. 413a

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee :—

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

Remove ugly HAIR this
NEW ODOURLESS WAY!

Superfluous hair can now actually be removed without the tell-tale odour. Simply apply Bu-to the marvellous new cream hair remover—wash it off—and all hair is gone! No smell. No irritation. No coarse regrowth. Bu-to leaves your skin without a trace of hair or stubble — satin-smooth and *odourless*. Bu-to is *not* a scented depilatory. Bu-to *works* without *odour*. Use it anywhere without embarrassment!

MAKE THIS ODOUR TEST

Squeeze some Bu-to on paper. Wet it. Note complete absence of unpleasant odour. Bu-to *cannot* smell in action. It is made from an unique non-odorous formula.

Money-back Guarantee. If you detect the slightest unpleasant odour—or if Bu-to fails to give complete satisfaction, return tube and your money will at once be refunded without question.

1/6

Bu-to
ENGLISH AND FOREIGN PATENTS PENDING
odourless
"BUTTWAVE," BIO-METICA LTD., LONDON, S.W.1.

The ACID in your STOMACH

WOULD BURN A HOLE IN A CARPET

(From actual photo)

Stomach sufferers, study this recent test :—after the same kind of acid which causes stomach pains had been poured on to a carpet, a hole appeared. *That acid had actually burned a six-inch hole right through!* Think what damage this acid does to delicate stomach membranes!

Rennies absorb EXCESS ACID at once!

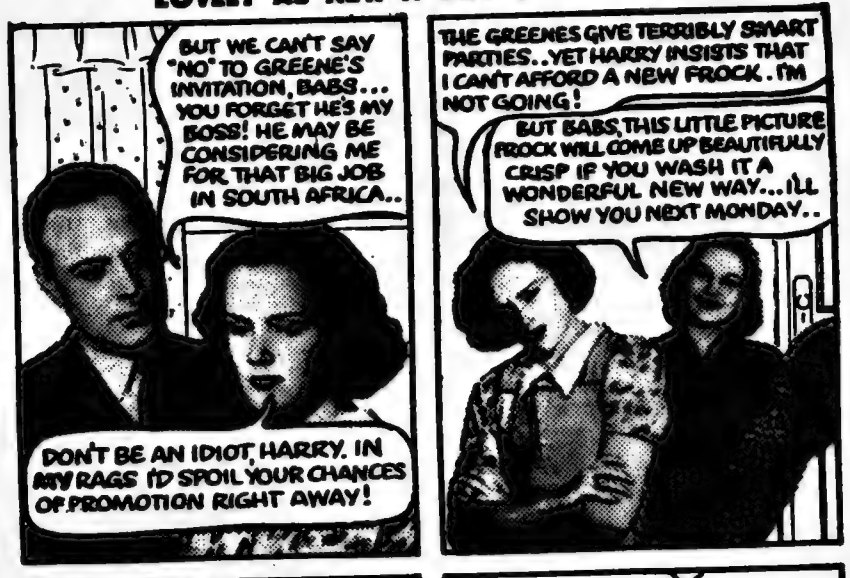
You suck Rennies like sweets, and, because you don't dilute them in water, they reach your stomach *full-strength*. Rennies contain 18 proved ingredients which absorb harmful acid, blanket and protect delicate stomach linings. With excess acid absorbed, all pain ceases. Just take 2 Rennies after meals, and eat what you like! Each Rennie tablet is separately wrapped. No need to carry a tin—just keep a few loose wherever you go. 1,198 Doctors have personally praised Digestif Rennie brand tablets. Every chemist sells them. Large trial size 6d. Four times as many 1/9.

DIGESTIF RENNIES

For BARGAINS See JOHN BULL'S "SHOP WINDOW"
Pages 2 and 3

GLAMOUR WIFE!

...BUT ONLY AFTER SHE LEARNS TO WASH OLD FROCKS LOVELY AS NEW A SWIFT, EASY WAY


BUT WE CAN'T SAY "NO" TO GREENE'S INVITATION, BABS... YOU FORGET HE'S MY BOSS! HE MAY BE CONSIDERING ME FOR THAT BIG JOB IN SOUTH AFRICA..
DON'T BE AN IDIOT, HARRY. IN MY RAGS I'D SPOIL YOUR CHANCES OF PROMOTION RIGHT AWAY!
THE GREENES GIVE TERRIBLY SMART PARTIES..YET HARRY INSISTS THAT I CAN'T AFFORD A NEW FROCK. I'M NOT GOING!
BUT BABS, THIS LITTLE PICTURE FROCK WILL COME UP BEAUTIFULLY CRISP IF YOU WASH IT A WONDERFUL NEW WAY...I'LL SHOW YOU NEXT MONDAY..
NEXT MONDAY
YOU CAN'T TELL ME ANYTHING WILL SOAK THESE COLOUREDS CLEAN IN JUST 12 MINUTES!
RINSO WILL! AND IT'LL BOIL THESE WHITES SNOWY IN 2 MINUTES! YOU'LL HAVE FINISHED YOUR WASH HOURS SOONER, AND WITHOUT ANY HARD RUBBING. YOU JUST SEE, BABS!
LOOK! RINSO HAS MADE YOUR WHITES SNOWY..AND SAVED YOU 30 MINUTES' FUEL!
YES..AND I THOUGHT THIS FROCK WAS NOTHING BUT AN OLD RAG.. YET RINSO HAS SOAKED IT BRIGHT AS NEW IN 12 MINUTES! I'LL NEVER USE ANYTHING ELSE BUT RINSO ON WASHDAYS!
AT THE PARTY
WHAT AN ATTRACTIVE YOUNG COUPLE!
I'VE JUST MADE HIM MANAGER OF MY SOUTH AFRICAN BRANCH
I OWE THE JOB TO YOU, BABS! YOU'VE MADE A HIT WITH OLD GREENE...YOU LOOK PERFECTLY BEAUTIFUL IN THAT DRESS.
THANKS TO RINSO!

CLOTHES WASHED BRILLIANT HOURS SOONER!

IF you want to save hours of hard rubbing, save half-an-hour's fuel every time you boil clothes, yet have snowy whites and coloureds bright as summer flowers—then change right away to a wonderful new washing method!

Use the Rinso 2-minute boil for whites. Just damp any extra-dirty places, sprinkle on a little Rinso and smooth it in. Then, pop the clothes into the copper full of luke-warm Rinso suds and bring to the boil, as usual. But then, boil for only 2 minutes. They'll be snowy!

Try the Rinso 12-minute soak for coloureds—it makes them brilliant! And give your fine things a quick wash-through in cool Rinso suds. Rinso completely transforms washday! . . . yet it costs only 3½d., 6d. or 10d. a packet.

R 2630-71-55 *R. S. Hudson Limited, London*

2 MINUTES BOILING OR 12 MINUTES SOAKING IS ALL IT TAKES WITH RINSO

I'll Kill Myself

HUMAN DOCUMENTS—by Humanist

Unburden your private worries and problems to Humanist, whose advice helps thousands of readers. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope for reply. £1 1s. is paid for each letter quoted.

THE threat of suicide is a contemptible weapon.

Few who make that threat have any intention of carrying it out, and it is nothing more than a trick to get their own way.

And it is particularly stupid to use the words, "I'll kill myself," to win affection.

Love is not born of blackmail—only pity and the panic that may mean a lifetime of unhappiness.

A girl of twenty-one writes in alarm because a young man has lost his head over her and threatens to "do away with himself" if she won't marry him!

What is she to do?

Tell him not to talk like a fool!

An attractive girl may have scores of young men in love with her at the same time.

She can't help it. The responsibility lies with Mother Nature, who has made the girl what she is, and made men liable to break their hearts over feminine beauty.

Men and women are being hurt every day in the year, but they have to steel their hearts and learn to accept the inevitable.

Another letter this week belongs to a slightly different category.

It comes from a man whose wife has run away from him.

Her mother knows where she is hiding, but refuses to give him the address.

Sometimes he suspects that she has gone to a lover, but he cannot bring himself to believe it

"After twelve years of happy married life," he writes, "and knowing her always as a faithful wife, I cannot convince myself that she has committed adultery.

"Although the evidence is strong, I cannot imagine she has done wrong."

If the wife refuses to return, the man is entitled to a judicial separation; and if there is proof of misconduct he can secure a divorce.

But he does not want either of these. He wants her to come home again.

"I still love her," he says, "and I cannot say any more only that I wish to have her back no matter what she has done.

"I know, in my inner self, she is the only one. I have tried hard to forget, and sometimes, in morbid moments, I have had thoughts about taking my own life. . . ."

Not Too Late

This sounds like genuine love, and the thing that puzzles me is that a woman should run away from a man who loves her so completely.

There are two children, too, living in lodgings with their father.

A mother does not lightly abandon her own children after twelve years of happy married life.

There must be some reason for her conduct.

Perhaps she has lost her head over another man and is afraid to return?

Her husband wants her back—*whatever she has done*—and her children need her.

I wonder whether this will find her?

The dark threat of suicide may not bring her back, but the promise of love and forgiveness should help her to decide. It is not too late—yet.

Another letter received this week comes from a woman who has made a sad mess of her life.

She married when she was barely twenty, and her husband turned out to be a ne'er-do-well.

He came into money and promptly deserted her.

Of course, he ran through the legacy quickly—helped by fair-weather friends.

After some years as a deserted wife the woman met another man and went to live with him. They had children, and apparently they loved each other.

They had never legally married.

However, that is all ancient history, and it is too late to remedy now.

For the second man has cooled off. In fact, he has cooled off so completely that the pair have not spoken for nearly two years.

He is gaily spending his spare time with other women, and the mother of his children, who has no legal claim upon him, is threatened with being turned out of her house.

Her letter ends:—

"I cannot say anything or do anything, but please advise me for my best.

"I am fifty, and have not the strength to go out to work.

"My eldest daughter is paralysed, and they tell me I cannot get a divorce. What can I do?

"I cannot live this life any longer. Can anything be done? I shall be more than grateful for your answer."

What can be said to a woman who has got herself into such a hopeless tangle? It would be easy to scold her for her mistakes of the past, but that would not make a ha'porth of difference to her present predicament.

It would be easy to say, "You have made your bed and you must lie on it."

As a warning to other young people it may serve a useful purpose, but that is no real consolation.

It seems to me her hope lies in her children.

The youngest is eleven, and the father can be compelled to assist in the support for several more years at least. The ages of the others are not given, but they must be in their 'teens.

Make a Break!

There is no sense in living in the same house with a man who never speaks, except to threaten the woman with turning her out of doors.

I suggest she makes a home for the children and that they should contribute towards the upkeep. At all costs she must make a break from her present life.

Certainly her position won't be cleared up by giving up.

Just a few more words on this subject. A well-known English author intends to write the story of his life in a new way.

He proposes to describe the outstanding events of his life (a) as they appeared at the time of happening; (b) as they appear now in perspective.

We can all try the experiment for ourselves.

Don't we all remember unhappy days when the whole of life seemed hopeless and ending it seemed the only way out?

And don't those troubles appear rather trifling when we look back at them across the years?

Thousands of us worry ourselves silly over problems which right themselves, or vanish altogether.

Time Heals

Things which looked like mountains in front of us presently shrink to the small hills they really are.

In early days we so easily lose our faith and hope.

When we grow older we find that we are like lifeboats—we go through storms that threaten to destroy us, but we are rarely wrecked by them.

—SILF—

Brand Obesity Tablets

Reduced Bust .....8 inches
Reduced Hips .....6 inches
Reduced Waist.....9 inches

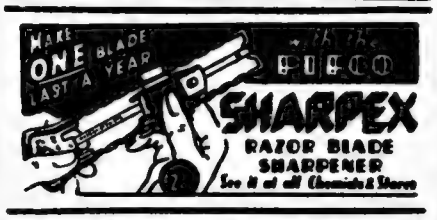
Grateful lady says:—

"I thought you would be interested to know how your wonderful Silf reduced my weight from 12 st. to 8 st. 7 lb. My measurements were:—Bust 42 ins., Hips 42 ins., and Waist 34 ins. NOW my measurements are:—Bust 34 ins., Hips 36 ins., and Waist 25 ins., so you can see for yourself the marvellous difference."

HEALTH IMPROVES AS WEIGHT GOES

Whether your excessive weight is Many Stones . . . or just the first few extra pounds . . . whether you have been burdened for years or only just commenced to "put on weight" . . . the action of "SILF" Brand Obesity Tablets is just as wonderful. It is the wise, the healthful, the SAFE way to slimness. Commence to take it to-day. You can do so with complete confidence. Silf Brand Obesity Tablets are obtainable from all Chemists at 1/3, 3/- and 5/- per box (You save money by purchasing the larger sizes), or post free by sending the price to:—THE SILF CO., LTD. (Dept. 46F), 39, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.1.

No proprietary rights are claimed in the preparation of this remedy.



SOLID ZAM-BUK

In addition to Zam-Buk Ointment for external piles you can now obtain Zam-Buk soluble suppositories for *inward* use. Ask your chemist for Zam-Buk Suppositories. 1/3 a box. Left in position at night they cure while you sleep.

CURES PILES

Cavalcade of the C.I.D.

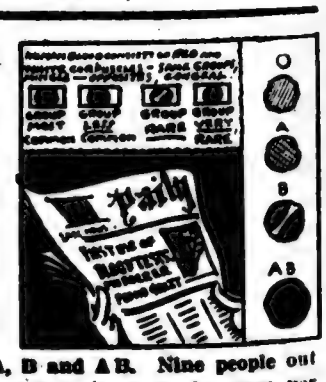
Blood Tests Trap Murderer

A man dashed headlong into the street from a City office. In the room was found a murdered typist, Annette Friedman. Her throat had been cut, probably by a razor, but the weapon could not be found. The fleeing man, it was established, was the girl's lover, also named Friedman.

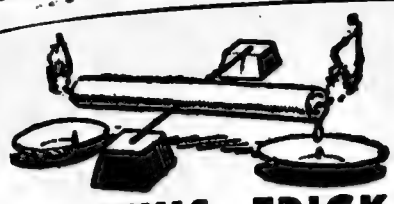
Quick, intensive search resulted in his arrest. He sullenly refused to give an explanation, even in defence. Then a London 'bus conductor, at the end of his journey, discovered a rusty, blood-stained razor, and at once handed it to the police.

Friedman admitted that his razor had killed the girl. But this was not conclusive. So the police called in Dr. Roche Lynch, and the case became the first in Britain to demonstrate the importance of blood tests.

Newspapers told the public how human blood consists of four groups



—O, A, B and A B. Nine people out of ten belong to O or A; seven per cent. to B, three per cent. to A B. To this rare group A B belonged the blood of the murdered girl. Friedman went to the gallows.



TRY THIS TRICK!

MAKE the Magic See-Saw to amuse your friends, with a knitting needle and candle. Heat the needle and push through centre of candle. Support the ends of the knitting needle and place a saucer under each end of the candle. Light candle at both ends and it will start rocking up and down. This and other scientific tricks are described in "Armchair Science," the popular magazine that lifts scientific subjects out of the dry-as-dust class and makes them fascinating and live! **There are 17 articles, 16 features, 100 pages, 88 illustrations in the August number to hold you in spell! Get your copy to-day.**

Armchair Science

The Thrilling Monthly Magazine for Science and Invention Enthusiasts of all ages. **6d.**

ON SALE EVERYWHERE.

CROSSWORD No. 122.
TERMS AND CONDITIONS

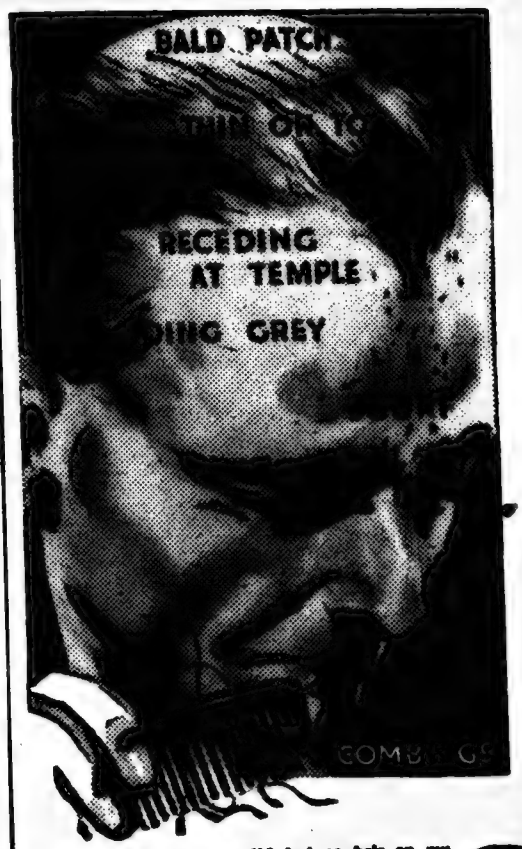
ON page 36 is presented the 122nd of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee, consisting of the following:—The Editor of JOHN BULL; Doctor Lascelles Abercrombie, Litt.D., D.Lit., M.A.; and Doctor C. E. M. Joad, M.A., D.Lit.

Each entry received will be carefully considered, and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one Entry Form has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at those points, which will be duly indicated when result and winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL published Thursday, September 8, 1938. The reasons which decided the Committee's Award will be published in JOHN BULL'S free weekly "Crossword Gazette," complimentary copy of which is obtainable by sending penny postcard to Gazette Dept., 20, Bedford Street, W.C.2. The Second Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided, but not more than one cash prize and one other prize will be allowed to one entrant in any one contest.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.



HAIR

HAIR TROUBLES ARE AGEING & DISFIGURING

Is your trouble here?

Was practically bald— *Results from using KOTALKO amazed friends.*

My hair fell out— *KOTALKO brought fine thick growth.*

Told he would always be bald— *KOTALKO soon grew new hair.*

Turning grey— *KOTALKO restored natural colour.*

Afraid to comb her hair— *New, strong hair, using KOTALKO.*

Bald two years— *KOTALKO grew hair at once.*

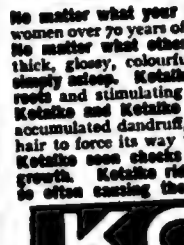
Wasted Pounds— *then tried KOTALKO.*

Almost bare on top, now thick and wavy— *thanks to KOTALKO.*

"I had no hair on my head at all. I was told I should never have another hair as long as I lived. A hairdresser whom I consulted confirmed this. I bought Kotalko and Kotalko Soap. The new hair soon began to grow, and now no one seeing me would credit I had been bald. The hairdresser and many others can confirm all I say."
J. BINDLEY.

"Once I was afraid to comb my hair; this is no longer so, for the falling has completely stopped. My head is completely covered with a thick growth of new, strong hair. Kotalko Soap is also worthy of praise. It is better than anything I have yet used for washing my hair."
Miss M. WOODHALL.

"My husband's head was in a terrible state. One big bald patch on the top of his head was the size of a teacup. We had spent pounds in trying to get this condition different. We sent for Kotalko and by the photo you will see that we have much to be thankful for."
W. JOBSON.



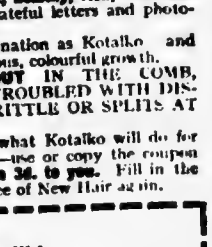
"I was practically bald and now I have an abundance of hair, which my photo shows. I had tried other hair remedies, but all to no avail. At last I used Kotalko and have marvelled at results. Friends also are simply amazed."
W. JONES.

"For two years I was bald all over the top of my head. I tried different preparations, but they did no good. I remained bald until I used Kotalko. New hair came almost immediately, and kept on growing. In a short time I had a splendid head of hair, which has been perfect ever since."
H. A. WILD.

"My hair was falling rapidly and becoming terribly thin. I had used different tonics, but the excessive falling of the hair continued. Then I tried Kotalko. My hair stopped coming away on the comb, and a fine, beautiful, Thick Growth developed, free from dandruff. Also my hair, which was going grey, resumed its natural colour."
Miss D. BELL.

"I used every hair tonic and hair restorer that I had ever heard of, but nothing ever proved suitable. I was quite bald, and had been so for over 2 years. Seeing Kotalko advertised, I decided to give it a trial. Now I have a splendid thick head of hair of which anyone could be proud."
J. W. STABLES.

"My hair fell out, leaving only one patch. I was under hospital care for months. But my hair would not grow again. Then I used Kotalko—and now I have a fine, thick growth of hair, as you can see by my photograph."
Mrs. HILLMAN.



No matter what your age Kotalko has grown a new head of hair for men and women over 70 years of age; for middle-aged of both sexes; also for many children. **No matter what other methods have failed** to renew the growth and to give a thick, glossy, colourful hair. **Your hair is not dead—or dying. The roots are simply asleep. Kotalko has succeeded** in legions of cases in **awakening up dormant roots** and stimulating them to produce a natural fresh growth of vigorous hair. **Kotalko and Kotalko Soap** softens tough scalp and clears the hair passages of accumulated dandruff, so making it possible for the new growth of tender young hair to force its way to the surface.

Kotalko soon checks falling hair, covers thin spots and bald patches with new growth. Kotalko rids the scalp of dandruff and of all foreign bodies which are so often causing the impoverishment and baldness.

Remember, **Kotalko is not a "new discovery." It has proved itself. It has stood the test of time. Kotalko has been bringing beautiful, healthy, rich, new hair growth to bald heads these 21 years,** as the legions of grateful letters and photographs testify.

Your case is desperate indeed if such a wonderful combination as Kotalko and Kotalko Soap fails to re-awaken your hair to fresh, vigorous, colourful growth. **IF YOU ARE BALD OR YOUR HAIR COMES OUT** IN THE COMB, THINNING AT THE TEMPLES; **IF YOU ARE** TROUBLED WITH DISFIGURING DANDRUFF; **IF YOUR HAIR** IS BRITTLE OR SPLITS AT THE ENDS, **YOU WANT KOTALKO.**

No need to buy a full size tin until you have **proved** what Kotalko will do for you. Send 3d. in stamps for a Double Test Sample—use or copy the coupon below. **Your personal appearance is worth more than 3d. to you.** Fill in the coupon **now** before it slips your mind. 3d. for the chance of New Hair again.

KOTALKO
TRUE HAIR GROWER
WAKES UP THE ROOTS

DOUBLE TEST COUPON

To John Hart Brittain, Ltd.,
9, Percy Street (53.KG), London, W.1.

I want a testing sample of Kotalko and a sample tablet of Kotalko Soap, for which I enclose 3d. in stamps towards packing and postage.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Ease the Ache of NEURITIS and RHEUMATISM

WITH PHENSIC

When you tingle with pain and feel so weary of life—take 2 tablets of Phensic, the powerful pain-killer which doctors prescribe on account of its absolute safety. Relief quickly comes and a new vitality and cheerfulness. For Phensic is a heart tonic, a non-irritant to your stomach, cannot depress or weaken your nerves. One trial will PROVE. Afterwards always have Phensic ready and suffer no more.

3d., 6d., 1/3, 3/- and 5/- from your chemist.

Phensic

Pronounced 'FEN-ZIK' *Brand*

The Wonderful Tablets that Drive out PAIN

When you buy goods that are advertised

—You get the VERY BEST!

£35 in Cash Prizes FREE! For Best Last Line to Limerick on Page 31.

THE proprietors of "DIPLOMA CHEESE" offer a first prize of £15 Cash and numerous other cash prizes for the best last line to Limerick in their announcement on page 31. Turn to it now—read the simple conditions, then send in your entry at once. Note closing date, Friday, September 2, 1938. Address your entries: Competition (Dept. 12), Wilts United Dairies, Ltd., Trowbridge, Wilts.

★ A FREE BOOKLET on SKIN TROUBLES

Here's news! The first soluble assimilable sulphur treatment for skin diseases is announced on page 37. A free copy of a special booklet with full details will be sent to all readers who fill in the application form in the advertisement. End your skin troubles by getting full particulars of this new discovery. The facts are described in the special booklet, a free copy of which will be sent to all readers. Turn to p. 37 now and fill in the application form for complete details relating to this offer.

PIRATES!

A WOMAN TELLS OF THRILLS AND DRAMA IN THE CHINA SEAS . . .

"The pirate chief was a ferocious rascal, and every now and again he banged the table with the butt of his pistol. . . ."

Reader's Story . .

by

Miss E. E. LEE
of Chesham Bois, Amersham, Bucks

I WAS awakened at dawn by shots, screams and hoarse shouts.

Then a Chinaman, with a revolver in his hand, burst into the wheelroom where I had my bunk. But as soon as he saw me sitting up he backed out and slammed the door.

I flung on some clothes, grasped my handbag and dashed on deck, but now all was silent and deserted.

The coastal steamer on which I, a young woman missionary, was making my way from Shanghai to Foochow, was scarcely moving.

Then, like a pantomime demon, another Chinaman suddenly appeared at my side.

Brandishing a knife, he snatched my bag, tore it open, and then seeing there was no money inside, thrust it back into my hands.

Stifling a scream I ran below to find Mrs. Ling, a dear little Chinese woman, and my only friend on board.

When I burst into her cabin she was lying on the floor sobbing with terror.

"Pirates!" she cried. "Pirates! They'll torture us all."

Even as she spoke I heard the shuffling sound of many feet and peeped out of the cabin door.

Several heavily armed Chinamen were dragging along two men in white ducks whom they had gagged and bound.

They were the captain, a Scotsman named Henderson, and his chief officer, Mr. Bolton.

Suddenly the door was thrown open and two of the pirates entered. They demanded our money and jewels.

They took all Mrs. Ling's belongings, but left me alone. I had nothing worth their while.

For hours we were left alone, locked in the cabin, shuddering with fear at every sound from the deck.

Then the door opened slowly and a new visitor appeared—a benevolent looking old pirate, who beamed when he saw me and bowed with great ceremony.

"He say he knows you," Mrs. Ling translated.

I knew him vaguely, but could not remember how, when and where I had met him, but I smiled and bowed in return.

ONLY when he had gone did I recollect the circumstances.

Some months before I had helped to nurse his daughter in hospital in Foochow, and the old man had hovered round for days in deep anxiety.

Presently he returned with tea and some food, which we needed badly. Also he brought three more Chinese passengers, a girl from Nanking, her lover, and another man.

They crept into the two berths and awaited their fate with all the stoical resignation of the Oriental.

After a sleepless night the old man appeared again next day with more food, and warned the two men that they were in danger. He told them to shave their heads and eyebrows, which they proceeded to do.

To me he bowed deeply and said:

"The English missionary is in peril also, but I would save her for the help she gave my daughter in hospital."

"What does he mean by peril?" I asked Mrs. Ling. "Does he mean they will torture me?"

"They mean to take you with them," she replied. "They will hold you for a big ransom, and if it is not paid you will probably be killed."

I BEGAN to cry softly, and the old pirate tried to comfort me and stroked my hair.

"Fear not," he said, "I will find a way out."

Then he led the two men away.

It was good to have a friend among the pirates!

After nightfall we were all ordered into the saloon. We were fearful because we expected to be questioned about the disappearance of the girl's lover and his friend, but when we arrived nothing was said.

Instead, we found the pirate chief standing at a table with loot before him while the gang was searching everybody.

He was a ferocious rascal, with long, drooping moustache, and every now and again he banged the table with the butt of his pistol.

This time I was thoroughly searched, and my papers confiscated, but my bag and the small sum of money it contained was not touched.

One by one the other passengers were sent away, but I was ordered to remain. A few moments later I was led up on deck.

The ship's engines were stopped, and I saw that we were at the mouth of the Min River.

Obviously the pirates were getting ready to leave the ship, for they had lowered a couple of boats and were loading their booty into them.

Just then a quarrel began about the division of the spoil, for it seemed there were some boxes missing, and to heighten it the chief saw a gold bangle he had stolen from the Nanking girl on the wrist of one of the gang.

He beat the man severely until he gave it up, and then put the bangle on his own wrist.

All this wasted time, and the ship was drifting.

The chief barked an order for me to be bound, and two men were about to obey when the old pirate thrust them aside and faced the chief.

He was holding aloft a two-handed sword and his eyes were blazing.

"You shall not take the missionary," he shouted. "She saved my daughter's life!"

The old man's audacity took the chief by surprise and for a moment he hesitated.

What would have happened to him I don't know, for at that moment there was a report like thunder, a high-pitched whine, and something crashed into the sea ahead.

A shot crossed our bows! Then another.

Searchlights flooded the deck and out of the darkness loomed a gunboat flying the White Ensign.

Immediately all was turmoil. The remaining booty was hurled into the boats and the pirates dropped down the sides and began to row furiously for the shore about a mile distant.

BUT the British gunboat had also lowered boats and set out to intercept the pirates.

Another craft, manned by bluejackets, came across to us.

How my heart filled with joy and relief when a young naval officer climbed on deck, followed by his men.

Quickly I was freed from my bonds and so were Captain Henderson and Chief Officer Bolton, who had come to no harm.

The old pirate—my defender—was found hiding on board and manacled, but, later, he was released on my evidence.

Then I learned just how narrow our escape had been.

During the night the pirates had erased the steamer's name and repainted her smoke-stack. It was only because the steamer could not be identified and was drifting with silenced engines that the gunboat signalled her to stop.

Had the pirates not wasted time quarrelling they would have been able to get safely away with their prisoners—to hold them to ransom or torture them at leisure.

Have we had your story? "John Bull" invites readers to submit original stories of real-life adventure not exceeding 1,200 words, and written on one side of the paper only. £5 5s. is paid for each story published. A stamped addressed envelope should be sent with each contribution.

JUST A HUMAN STORY

I SAW him as he left an industrial school, his years of punishment for being a naughty boy ended at last.

He had a nice face, I thought. But it wasn't as happy as it should have been on this day of rediscovered liberty.

Then I saw why. He was dreadfully conscious of the rough worsteds, heavy boots and regulation "convict's crop" that stamped him as what he was.

Two women advanced to meet him. You could tell at a glance that they were his mother and sister. His face lit up.

But why were they all dressed up for the occasion?

His face fell on seeing how pretty they had made themselves for his benefit.

The head with the convict's crop hung.

And so they moved on towards the railway station—perhaps with a long train journey before them—the little fellow's face stamped with a stamp of hopeless, terrible inferiority that I hope never to see again.

Reader Mrs. N. Rees,
17, Bryn Road, Neath, Glam.

Form LONG ODDS now for the St. LEGER
CAMBRIDGESHIRE & CESAREWITCH
NO LIMIT
for Doubles or for Trebles, Accumulators, Owners' and Trainers' Selected, Jockeys' Mounts, etc., etc.
FIXED PRICE FOOTBALL
Send now for
COPE'S "CHALLENGER"
FIXED PRICE COUPON
It contains 6-League, 5-League, and 4-League Lists—absolutely Nothing Barred—as well as attractive special lists to suit the most discriminating backer.
CREDIT ACCOUNTS
opened for Racing or Football or both
Please send particulars with a view to opening a Credit Account. I am over 21 years of age.
Name
J.B. 20/8/38
Address
Suggested Weekly Credit £
DAVID COPE
LUDGATE CIRCUS LONDON E.C.4

Child's terrible STOMACH PAINS

How it tears at a mother's heart-strings to see her little one suffering, not knowing what is wrong or what can be done to give her relief! After a week of this uncertainty and dread, Mrs. C. G. B., of Ashford, Kent, had the inspiration which drove the nightmare away. She writes—"I am telling everyone what I gave her. I think it is marvellous." Here is a further extract from Mrs. C. G. B.'s letter:—

"I am writing to thank you for the great benefit my little girl has received from Maclean Brand Stomach Powder.

"She was suddenly taken ill with terrible pains in the stomach. She had suffered for a week without any signs of her getting better. The pains continued, also she was very sick. Then I suddenly thought of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, and after taking the first dose she seemed better. I continued to give it to her every few hours, and by next morning she was up and about at play as usual.

"Anyone who did not know of the terrible pain she was in could not realise what a difference your wonderful powder has made."

The gentle, soothing, effective treatment

It is quite safe to give children Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. A dose or two in milk or water will quickly soothe and bring sweet relief from suffering. Ideal for adults too.

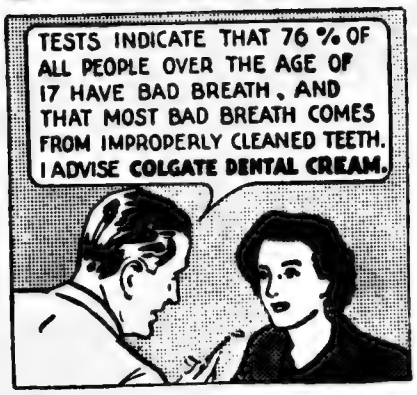
Be sure to ask for Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, which is only genuine if the signature, "Alex. C. Maclean" appears on bottle and carton. Powder or Tablets, 1/3, 2/- and 5/-. Never sold loose. Also pocket tins of Tablets, 9d.

Look for the signature

Alex. C. Maclean

Macleans Ltd., Great West Road, Brentford.

WELL JIM DID LIKE ME RUTH, REALLY. BUT NOW HE DOESN'T EVEN WANT ME NEAR HIM!
THERE MUST BE A REASON SUE. SEE A DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH


TESTS INDICATE THAT 76 % OF ALL PEOPLE OVER THE AGE OF 17 HAVE BAD BREATH, AND THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM.

AND SOON AFTER I CHANGED TO COLGATE
WELL, GOODBYE, RUTH! THANKS TO YOU, JIM AND I ARE GETTING MARRIED TOMORROW!
DON'T THANK ME—THANK COLGATE'S

Now—NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!

Colgate's special penetrating foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth . . . emulsifies and washes away the decaying food deposits that cause most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth and much tooth decay. At the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel—makes the teeth sparkle! Get a tube to-day and watch results in your own mirror.

Pains in Back Gone in 3 Hours

If you suffer terrible, sharp pains or dull wearing down aches in the back or sides, you can't get rid of these troubles with ordinary medicines because you must kill the germs in your kidneys that cause such troubles. Other symptoms of Kidney and Bladder Disorders are Scanty, Frequent and Painful Passages, Getting up Nights, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Headaches, Dizziness, Circles under Eyes and Rheumatism. The new scientific discovery—Cystex—ends these troubles by removing the cause—the germs which infest your kidney tubes. Cystex is guaranteed to start benefits in 24 hours and completely stop your troubles and restore vigorous health in 8 days or cost nothing. Ask your chemist for Cystex today. The money-back Guarantee protects you.

Don't forget to look into the "JOHN BULL" SHOP WINDOW Page — you'll always find Bargains there

See pp. 2 & 3

Those shooting, stabbing, burning pains in your feet, which make your life a torture, make you feel you never want to walk another step — are caused by Stale Foot Acid in the skin-pores. Your feet have 3,000 pores to every square inch of skin — more than any other part of the body. When these get choked up, the waste acid piles up in the muscles. Your feet swell inside your shoes. They ache and burn. Corns and calluses form. No wonder people with acid feet get weary, irritable, depressed. You've got to shift that acid or go on suffering. The modern treatment is a daily foot-dip in warm water with a small handful of Radox added. Radox supercharges the water with life-giving oxygen which cleans out clogged pores, lets crippling acid get away. Oh, the relief! Muscles are soothed. Swelling goes down. Tired, burning, acid feet are eased and comforted. Every chemist sells Radox, 1/6 per ten ounce pink packet, 2/6 double quantity. Also in cubes 3 for 7½d.

RADOX 10 oz. Pink Packet **1/6**

You buy with CONFIDENCE when you buy through "JOHN BULL"

The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 31

CIRCULATORY DISORDERS

A Free Offer.

★ A GENEROUS trial sample of a remedy for all circulatory disorders and kindred ailments is offered on the Back Cover. This, together with a special free booklet and copies of recent testimonials explaining all about Elasto, the new biological remedy which restores the natural power of healing through the blood, will also be sent to those readers who turn to the announcement on the Back Cover and Fill in the Free Coupon.

Send for this

FREE COOKERY BOOK

"The Complete Guide to Home Cooking."

DON'T overlook the unique opportunity to secure a copy of this very useful book which is offered free on page 25. You will learn why faults occur and how to avoid them—how to get perfect results with the least trouble. You'll find recipes for all kinds of pastry, cakes, etc., and how to make them successfully at a moment's notice. Every housewife and cook ought to have this valuable reference book. Send for your free copy now by filling in your name and full postal address in the coupon on p. 25.

X-WORD PENSION, FORTUNE and FAMILY TRIP TO THE EMPIRE EXHIBITION

£5 MONTHLY FOR LIFE PLUS £300 CASH

- Thrilling week-end visit to Glasgow's Wonder Show, with tour of Scottish scenery, for party of four.

ANOTHER GREAT 3-in-1 HOLIDAY PRIZE OFFERED BY "JOHN BULL"

£100 BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP | UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS FOR 2nd RUNNERS-UP | OR SPLENDID LUMP SUM OF £600 Cash

READ THESE RULES

1.—Make entry in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil. Entry-fee is at the rate of sixpence for each two squares or two columns submitted. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form. Entry Form to be posted as directed (not delivered by hand) to reach us not later than Saturday, August 27, 1938.

2.—Each entrant is limited to 8 sixpenny entries, each on an Entry Form provided in this or any other announcement of this Contest.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on adjoining Entry-square will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided, or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon. See "Time-Sava" Form for special conditions governing use.

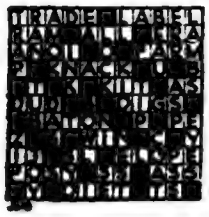
4.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, September 8. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, September 13, in accordance with the directions given with result and enclosing £1 Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up Prize or Surprise Awards. Accordingly entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

5.—Should the First Prize be shared, £600 cash will be paid instead of the Three-in-one Award.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press *Ltd.* and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

Terms and Conditions on page 33.



X-WORD No. 119.

The Committee decided the most apt and accurate Answers were those seen in the Square on left.

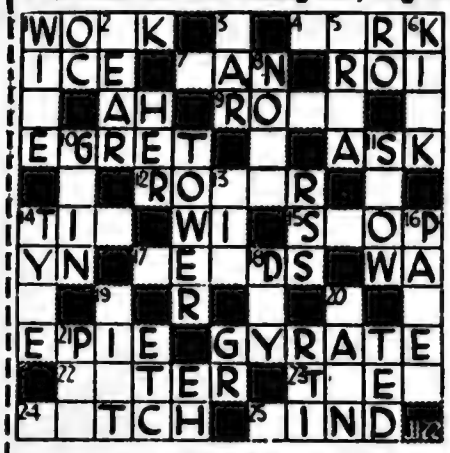
Reasons for Committee's findings appear in next week's "Crossword Gazette."

HOW TO ENTER

Ordinary Puzzle Squares below may be used for your entry—or you may use the "Time-Sava" Entry Sheet as directed.

CUT ROUND BROKEN LINE

X-WORD No. 122. Closing Sat., Aug. 27.



In entering this competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters, and I enclose

P.O. Value .....

No. .....

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

6 Big Cheques won in Crossword No. 119

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 119, the Adjudication Committee decided that the entrants who indicated the most meritorious Sets of Answers for one Square (see on left) were the following 6 competitors:—

W. ASHLEY, 29, Springbird Road, Holmewood, Chesterfield; Mrs. H. S. CHALCRAFT, 127, Woodlands, Rth. Harrow, Middx.; E. J. COX, 16, Vicars Close, Wells, Somerset; A. DENTON, 7, Railway Cotts., Newcastle-on-Tyne; A. G. GRAY, 176, Abbey Road, London, E.15; MISS. WILKINSON, 12, Eastern Esplanade, Southend-on-Sea.

Subject to the Terms and Conditions of the Competition, these competitors share the First Prize of £600, and a cheque for £100 will be sent to each.

Any other entrant who believes that he submitted an entry eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a Scrutiny by post later than First Post, Tuesday, August 23, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of all entries submitted and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny," and addressed to the Competitions Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the £100 Award to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between 139 competitors from whom we received entries inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best entries received. These winners will each receive 14s. 6d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified. Extra Holiday Awards will be sent to these Runners-up from whom we received two or more 6d. entries. A useful Surprise Award for entrants from whom we received an entry differing from entries of Runners-up by only one less meritorious Answer will be posted this week.

WINNING WORDS.

ACROSS—2. LARKY. 7. RAN. 9. ERA. 11. FARM. 13. KNACK. 15. DUD. 18. DOSS. 19. BATON. 22. WIN. 26. DOSY. 26. ASS. 27. DINT.

DOWN—1. TRAP. 2. RAW. 4. RHAU. 5. EKE. 6. LAMBS. 8. LOCK. 10. INK. 12. TUB. 14. TIP. 16. DAB. 17. BOWL. 20. EYES. 21. EIP. 25. COAT. 24. JOY.

CUT ROUND THIS LINK.

"Time-Sava" ENTRY SHEET JOHN BULL X-Word No. 122. Closing Sat. AUG. 27.

FOR THESE 2 COLS. 6d. ENTRY-FEE | FOR THESE 2 COLS. 6d. ENTRY-FEE

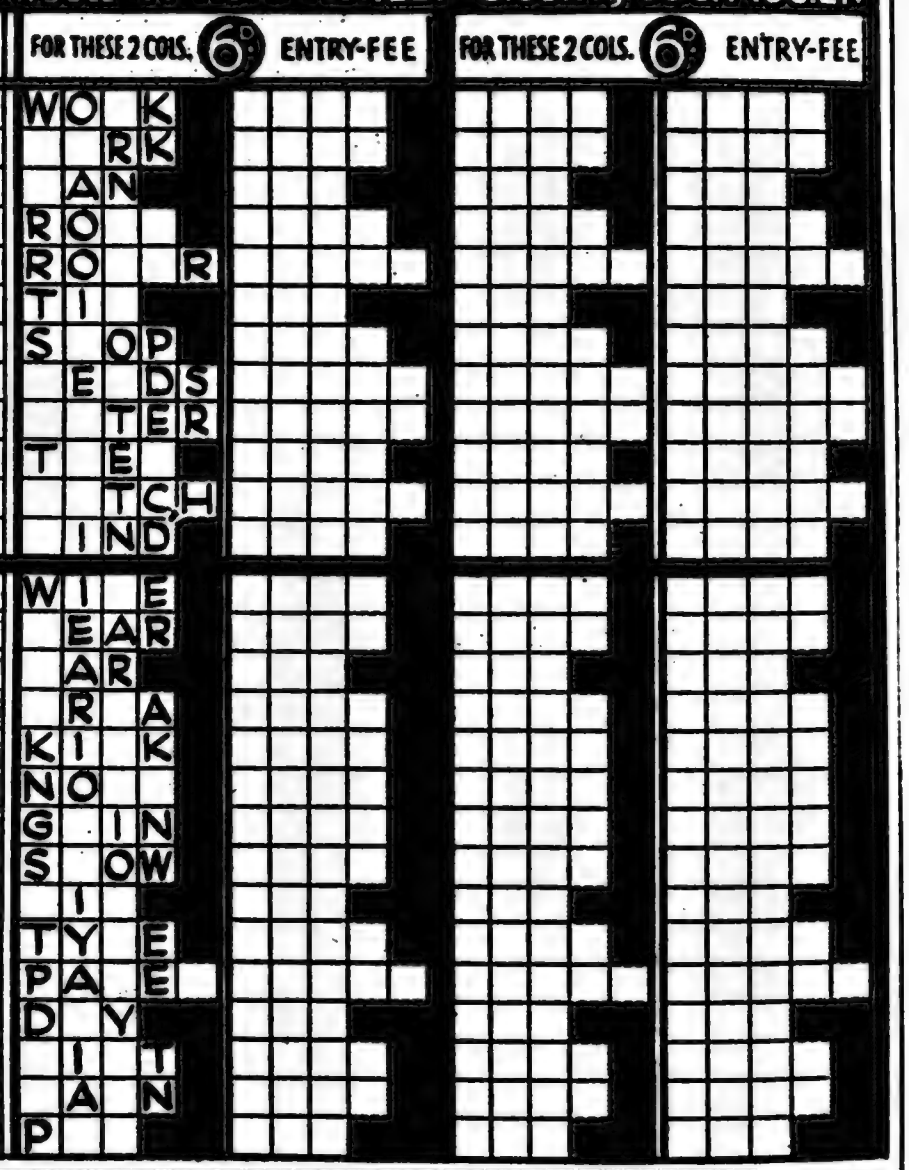
Study these Clues

ACROSS

1. Employment
4. Motorist shouldn't do this in busy road
7. Is occasionally seen on shelf in kitchen
9. Good gardener likes to be given this
12. One who roves
14. In one sense a bow may be this
15. Small one will usually be better for needs of beginner in photography
17. What's grown on allotment depends on these
22. Go into
23. Binds
24. One is likely to be annoyed if this is slow
25. Bitter one is never liked much

DOWN

1. When rich people consider having drink with dinner, their choice is this
2. Back part
3. Frequently more powerful than coach
5. Space around basement of building
6. Wife and family are sure to suffer when husband gets this for drinking
8. Police are annoyed if one turns out to be false
10. Producer will do this if his show goes well on first night
11. Hunters should be able to get through this quite well
13. Strive for superiority
14. Motorist chooses the one he likes when buying car
16. Slow ones are apt to annoy people
18. River looks different when it's this
19. Nurse should be able to supply for bandaging
20. Details of stories usually do this when malicious gossips repeat them
21. Vegetable in appearance



INSTRUCTIONS FOR USE

First, work out Puzzle on ordinary Square, with aid of Clues. Then indicate first set of Answers by completing in ink a word against each Clue in first column above. EVERY LETTER SPACE IN THIS FIRST COLUMN MUST BE COMPLETED OR ENTRY SHEET DISQUALIFIED. In subsequent columns, print in complete words ONLY where you wish to indicate Answers DIFFERING from first Column. All word spaces left blank in second, third and fourth columns will be regarded as indicating that you wish Answer in Column 1 to be read at these points.

I submit this Entry for X-word 122 on the understanding that first Column and each subsequent Column containing word or words shall be regarded for Adjudication and all other purposes as a full and precise equivalent of current X-word Square, completed with aid of Clues provided. I agree to all Rules and Conditions and endorse

P.O. Value.....

No. .....

Signed .....

Address.....

.....

ADDRESS ENTRY: CROSSWORD No. 122, "JOHN BULL," 97, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

("BULLETS" MAY BE ENCLOSED—SEE "BULLETS" PAGE.)

£5 GOLD WATCHES FREE—Send P.C. for "Crossword Gazette," which contains full details.

- then figure on 'DIGGER'

You can count on Digger for that little extra satisfaction and coolness which makes all the difference in a pipe. Player's make it good—smokers make it popular. Digger has a larger sale than any other Empire Tobacco in the country.

8d PER OZ.

PLAYER'S **DIGGER** **SHAG**

ALSO FLAKE, MIXTURE & CUT PLUG

P.D.59

P.S.

Don't forget to look into John Bull's Shop Window— you always find bargains there.

See pages 2 & 3.

A FREE GIFT FOR YOUR KIDDIES of a Model Bomber!

Cut out and save the Special Coupon on p. 23.

THERE'S lots of fun waiting for both you and your children with the ingenious "Speed Demon" model plane of a new Fast Day Bomber, which you can get absolutely FREE just by sending in the Coupons cut from the side of six packets of "Puffed" Wheat or "Puffed" Rice (or two Coupons and 3d. in stamps). These delicious cereal foods are ready to serve straight from the packet. So if you want to give yourself or your kiddies a double treat accept this unique offer now! Use the special coupon on page 23.

Sufferers from HAIR TROUBLES!

—Your personal appearance means something to you! If you find your hair going thin, grey or lank or you may even be going bald turn to page 33 and accept the trial sample offer to prove that new growth of vigorous, 'live,' colourful hair can be yours.

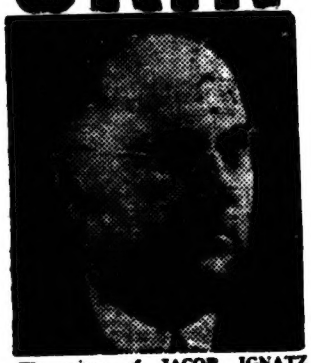
MEDICAL DREAM REALISED...

For generations Doctors all over the World have realised that if it were possible to administer SULPHUR in a form that the body would accept there would be an end to all skin suffering. Now this great page of Medical History has been turned and it has been given to the celebrated German Chemist, Ignatz Mrochem, through a lifetime's research and endeavour to discover the first soluble, assimilable form of Sulphur ever known.

THE INSTITUTE, BRESLAU, where the amazing therapeutic effects of Ignatz Mrochem's discovery were tested in co-operation with leading medical specialists of the University.

Great German Chemist's Epic

SKIN DISEASE DISCOVERY



The name of JACOB IGNATZ MROCHEM, *whose photograph is published above, will be linked with one of the greatest discoveries of the twentieth century.*

GRATEFUL FOR THE AMAZING CURE

"... There is nothing to be seen now, not even marks. For about six years I suffered from the most unsightly rash on my face and eyebrows. I consulted several doctors, had several courses of treatment, even X-Ray and Violet Ray, without any effect whatever. I saw your advertisement. I persuaded myself to try 'Sibsul' (Brand) Treatment, and after using it my complaint has gone. I am so grateful for the amazing cure, and I will recommend the 'Sibsul' (Brand)."—J. W. C., *Orkney.*

RELIEVED OF DREADFUL MISERY

"As the 14 days' Treatment is expired I am glad to tell you it has been very successful and has cleared my skin of almost every blemish and relieved me of my dreadful misery. I feel I would rather die any kind of death than face anything like it again. . . . Words cannot express the deep gratitude I feel to you for your preparations and what in such a short time they did for me."

Mrs. D. E. T., *Banbury.*

TREATMENT HAS DONE MORE IN A FORTNIGHT THAN HOSPITALS AND SKIN SPECIALISTS HAVE IN FIVE YEARS

"... I have completed the first 14 days ... my face is much better, which is a very great relief, as it caused me much embarrassment when in public. ... I can also sleep much better, as there is far less irritation. I only wish that I had sent for the Treatment before, as I have tried several hospitals, also skin specialists, and altogether they have done less in the five years I have been trying them than the fortnight's Treatment from you has."

J. R., *Newcastle-on-Tyne.*

COMPLETELY CURED

"How glad I am that I saw that advertisement of yours! I was simply covered at that time, and felt so hopeless. I had been attending the Infirmary both at Dundee and Edinburgh, but I just got worse. I have recommended your cure to a chemist who was interested, and friends, too. Thanking you. . . ."—R. B., *Angus.*

ECZEMA ON BACK AND CHEST CURED

"I am very glad to inform you that the Eczema on my back and chest has all cleared away. My head also is quite clear and my hair has grown quite thick. I cannot express in words how thankful I am that I was ever induced to try your Treatment. I have also recommended it to other people and let them read your booklet."—Mrs. J. W., *Halifax.*

★ ***You, too, can have a copy of this very book by posting the Application Form on the right.***

Results so spectacular that in many cases there can actually be seen a *DAY BY DAY IMPROVEMENT*

Doctors have always predicted outstanding results if genuine *sulphur assimilation* could be achieved—their knowledge and experience have taught them what to expect—but the amazing success of this **FIRST SOLUBLE, ASSIMILABLE SULPHUR TREATMENT** for skin diseases has literally staggered all medical expectation. The effect is so certain and the clearing so swift, that the Chemist-Inventor is confidently able to offer the most emphatic guarantee to all Skin Sufferers of all ages and sex, irrespective of whether the troubles are functional or of years' standing, whether caused by contagion, blood impurity or the after-effects of other illness. To sufferers who write to-day he is prepared to undertake that—

By SEPT. 8th the CLEARING UP of YOUR SKIN TROUBLE shall be in sight or the trial TREATMENT IS FREE

THIS is a guarantee solemnly undertaken and meaning exactly what it says—that within fourteen days from now (longer only if you delay your reply) you shall have received more than encouragement, more than hope, but definite proof that the end of your skin trouble is **in sight at last,** or all the trial treatment you have received till then shall cost you nothing. It is made possible by this amazing fact—**that in thousands of cases where every known treatment had been tried without success SIBSUL Brand Assimilable Digestible Sulphur has achieved a lasting clearance so swift and so complete that even medical men have been astonished.**

Strong words these to sufferers who have endured their afflictions ceaselessly through months and even years, and almost beyond belief to those who have tried, with dogged patience, every reputable specific, with still no lasting relief. Yet the facts are there, this great discovery has been made, and the testimony is overwhelming. Spare a moment to read a few of the amazing letters taken at random from the unsolicited praise received from great hospitals, from clinics, specialists, and private folk who have suffered, perhaps, even more than you.

Never before has your body been able to avail itself more than infinitesimally of the great cleansing, purifying and healing action of sulphur. Even if it were possible for you to eat a hundredweight of this precious mineral, **less than a saltspoonful would be absorbed.** Till now in the various sulphur preparations known to medical science, and even in the world-famous hot sulphur springs, you have seen but a glimpse of its power.

But now deep down through the skin, and internally through the blood stream, you can bring this great agent to work, at last harnessed to human need. It sweeps completely away the **internal disorders** of which skin troubles are only the outward manifestation, and impregnates the true skin cells with its anti-parasitic properties.

Every question that arises in your mind now is answered clearly and fully in a remarkable thirty-six page book, entitled "THE GUARANTEED WAY TO END YOUR SKIN TROUBLES FOR GOOD." Its message is as revolutionary as the discovery it describes, and as practical as the results SIBSUL has achieved. It contains information of the greatest importance for every skin sufferer, skin hospital and skin specialist. A **free copy** of the latest edition to be published in this country will be sent to all who fill in the Application Form below.

Post this **NOW** *If you suffer from*

ECZEMA, PSORIASIS
LEG TROUBLE
NETTLERASH (*Urticaria*)
BARBER'S RASH (*Sycosis*)
IMPETIGO, ACNE
DERMATITIS
PIMPLES AND BOILS

APPLICATION FORM

To SOLUBLE SULPHUR, LTD. Adam House, 99 Strand, London, W.C.2

Dear Sirs,—Please send me, without obligation of any kind, in plain envelope, a copy of your booklet, **"The Guaranteed Way to End Your Skin Troubles for Good,"** with full details of your guarantee as mentioned above.

NAME .....
(Please print in BLOCK Letters and state whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss.)

ADDRESS .....

.....

.....

NOTE.—If you care to enclose a 2d. stamp for postage, it will be greatly appreciated. "John Bull," 20/8/38.

KIDNEY TROUBLE

Neglect is Dangerous—
You must take a remedy specially prepared to act on the Kidneys

There is only one way to stop the down-dragging weakness and constant pain and danger caused by Kidney Trouble. You must cleanse the kidneys of impurities that stop them working healthily. You must wake sluggish kidneys to life. You must give overworked kidneys new strength.

Only a true kidney pill can do this. That is why De Witts Brand Kidney and Bladder Pills act so quickly, because they are true kidney pills, made for the one purpose of giving new life to worn-out kidneys. In 24 hours after taking the first dose of De Witts Pills you have positive proof that the kidneys are being restored to healthy action.

De Witts Pills drive the poisons (especially excess uric acid) and the impurities that cause your pain right out of the system. In record time your awful pain goes for good. Your vigour and vitality come back. You feel years younger—happier and healthier.

Why stay in pain and terrible danger from Kidney Trouble or any of its painful symptoms when De Witts Pills offer you quick and lasting benefit. No long-delayed treatment. Relief at once.

DE WITTS BRAND
KIDNEY AND BLADDER PILLS

Cleanse and Strengthen the Kidneys

and end the pain of Rheumatism, Backache, Lumbago, Sciatica and all forms of Kidney Trouble. Of all chemists, 1/3, 2/- & 5/-.

Have you heard how splendid is the healing, soothing balm, Man Zan? A specially prepared, soothing, healing unguent for blind, bleeding, internal or external piles. Sold in clean-to-use, special applicator tubes, from all chemists. Price 3/-. End the maddening pain and irritation of pile trouble for good with Man Zan Brand Remedy.

Stop your Indigestion to-day

Perhaps you haven't given much thought to those touches of heartburn, that flatulence after meals. But you begin to notice that they are getting more frequent. De Witt's Antacid Powder will quickly put things right for good. One canister is sufficient in most cases. You will save yourself much worry and pain if you take De Witt's Antacid Powder now and *stop your trouble in its early stages.*

But to those who have already passed the early stages of digestive trouble; to those whose gastritis and dyspepsia are chronic we say:—"Still there is hope."

De Witt's Antacid Powder will immediately ease the pain. It will help you digest your food. It will protect your inflamed stomach from further attacks by gastric acid. It will tone up and bring back to health the weakened stomach. But start at once before you get even more serious troubles. You will bless the day you tried—

DE WITT'S
ANTACID POWDER

Get a canister to-day for 1/6.
Larger size, 2/6.

THE BEST VALUE IN THE WORLD

● If you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query, which should be written in ink. Write to-day, marking your envelope "Free Advice." The replies given here to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

The Editor Laughs Last

"Bullets" Illustrated:
Holiday Romance—Pipped—Up Popped Pop!

ACTOR (On tour).—"I played Hamlet once and had a good run." Did the audience follow you?

L. S. R. (Newcastle).—"On more than one occasion I have put my foot down at home." From the mantelpiece?

MRS. S. S. (London, N.).—"My lodger went to his long rest last week." He's got a Government job?

R. H. (Ely).—"I generally have a hot bath one day and a cold one the next." We once had a geyser like that.

P. B. (Richmond).—"My friend and I are anxious to walk to Dawlish this month. How should we go?" Slowly.

T. B. (Mayfair).—"Give me a tiny flat and you can keep your servants." But that's where you're wrong, we can't.

S. H. (St. Albans).—"The children are very disappointed, as he has erected a tall fence around his wood." No doubt they will get over it in time.

R. D. (Epsom).—"Although I hadn't been to a race meeting for nearly a year, my old bookmaker recognised me." He was glad to see you back?

D. N. (Bow).—"Can any man walk along our London streets on a wet day without getting his trousers splashed by passing cars?" Yes, if he wears a kilt.

W. A. (Cleckheaton).—"You've got to screw up your courage before going to the dentist." And your face while you are there.

T. C. (Hendon).—"Take it from me, a score of sparrows will make a very tasty pie." It's wonderful what birds can be trained to do nowadays, isn't it?

NATURALIST (Ongar).—"The male snail usually has about thirty wives." So now we know why it never seems to be in a hurry to get home.

MRS. L. (Margate).—"I came down here a day before my husband so that I could get things nice and comfortable for him when he arrived." See letter below.

MR. L. (Margate).—"I had a nice comfortable journey down as I took the precaution to send the troublesome baggage in advance." See letter above.

R. B. (Tiptree).—"The dry summer has made things so bad for market gardeners that they need plenty of grit to struggle on." Then why do they give so much of it away on their lettuces and spinach?

A. F. (Hayes).—"A well-known soprano kindly performed at our amateur show, but, although offered her expenses, she refused to take anything at all." Not even a bow?

T. N. (Tamworth).—"I used to suffer from insomnia, but I have discovered that the continual repetition of certain numbers induces sleep." So that is what happens to some of our telephone operators.

"Every case is full of your things and I've got to put my things in something!"
—From "The Passing Show"

M. H. (Taunton).—"What should I get a large tin of weed-killer for?" Weeds.

F. F. (Stoke).—"A person has no redress if his house falls down." No address, either.

T. B. (Halifax).—"You should get a good dish for every runner-bean you plant." So far we have only got beans.

L. K. (Grimsby).—"What often brings a burglar within the reach of the law in the long run?" Shortness of breath.

N. P. (Hereford).—"How can I stop my wife steaming open my letters whenever I leave them at home for her to post?" Use postcards.

MRS. G. (Palmers Green).—"When I tried on all the hats in the shop, the assistant nearly had a fit." And did you?

W. T. (Matlock).—"What can unsealed letters be sent through the post for?" Delivery.

S. P. (Andover).—"What is more exasperating than an alarm-clock that doesn't go off?" One that does.

LUKE (Lewes).—"A really clever man usually profits by his own mistakes." And by other people's.

W. R. (Lytham).—"My little niece offered me a penny for my thoughts." So she's not yet old enough to know the value of money?

S. D. (Chalford).—"I should really like to know what so many nice girls are doing without a husband." Trying to find one.

A. R. B. (Guildford).—"I can't see what there is about a man in uniform to give people a thrill." You will if you win the Life Pension on the opposite page—the postman will call every Saturday and bring your weekly thrill!

R. D. (Welwyn).—"I started off early in the morning with my tent upon my back for my hiking and camping holiday." And finished up with it on your chest late at night?

MOTORIST (London, W.).—"When a mobile police car broke down in a country road I effected repairs in a few minutes." And yet it is generally believed that it takes a considerable time to set the machinery of the law in motion.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

DAD Sews on a Button

By Maz

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person, that which arrived with the earliest postmark receives the award.

HULL DAILY MAIL:—"If football did depend on BATTING, I for one would not weep many tears for its departure . . ."

MANCHESTER EVENING NEWS:—"We met the miners returning from their lunch, their black faces wreathed in WHITE smiles."

COWDENBEATH ADVERTISER:—"The bride, who was GIVEN AWAY BY HER SATIN AND TULLE EMBROIDERED VEIL . . ."

BRISTOL EVENING WORLD:—"When he went to report this to the police it was found that he had given a friend a ride on the PAVILION 'to show him how well it ran.'"

BIRMINGHAM MAIL:—"Eddie Phillips . . . thinks that Joe Louis's quick victory over MAX Schmeling has cleared one obstacle from his BATH in his ambitious quest for a world title fight."

NORTHERN DESPATCH:—"Both the explosions and fire are thought to have been the result of the strong ALE during the night."

SHETLAND NEWS:—"Three drifters caught one herring, three herrings and four herrings RESPECTFULLY."

BELFAST TELEGRAPH:—"Select homely digs, suit ladies or gentlemen, BEARD optional."

Win over £1,000 IN PENSION CHEQUES DURING THE NEXT 20 YEARS by CAPTURING 20/- WEEKLY FOR LIFE PLUS FREE FAMILY HOLIDAY

FINE 2-IN-1 FIRST-OR LUMP SUM OF £250

FAMILY HOLIDAY

provided by "John Bull," covers free accommodation, free meals, free bathing, boating, dancing, and all entertainments for two adults and one or two children. By special arrangement, a luxury Chalet at Butlin's famous Holiday Centre at Skegness or Clacton will be completely at winner's disposal for a glorious seaside week during September.

£50 OFFER WITH EACH PRIZE

2ND PRIZE £25 PLUS HOLIDAY		3RD PRIZE £10 PLUS HOLIDAY
£9	£8	£7	£6	£5
£4	10 of £3	25 of 10/-
200 SURPRISE AWARDS Value 5/-		6,000 "GOOD SHOT" PRIZES

LAST GREAT HOLIDAY OFFER OF 1938

ONE WEEK ONLY—CLOSING POSTMARK, SAT. AUG. 27

TO mark the final big *Bullets* Holiday Offer of 1938, another fine must-be-won Life Income is offered to-day *for one week only!*

Success for you will mean nothing less than a new outlook on life. With an extra 20s. to spend as you wish every Saturday, extra comforts and luxuries galore come easily within your reach, troubles disappear. And with this Life Income Prize, bringing you over £1,000 in payments during the next 20 years, you win a glorious free Holiday Week at the seaside!

That same Holiday Week privilege goes similarly with the Second and Third Prize cheques—and there are a further 6,241 prizes which also must be won for *Bullets* entered during the next few days. Read on and note the way to win—then get busy on your Life Pension *Bullets*!

To make a prize *Bullet*, all you need to do is to fit together TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment, closely linked with the chosen *Example*.

Suppose, for instance, that against the *Example*, TAKE A REST AND, you had first jotted down, *That Will Annoy Foreman*. From this you could easily produce the typical *Bullet*, TAKE A REST AND—YOU'LL MAKE FOREMAN "TIRED."

As further guides to winning styles, note carefully the leading *Bullets* in our 1,131st Contest which appear on this page. Then make a start, for you cannot capture one of these last *Bullets* Holiday Prizes of 1938 unless your entry is posted by Saturday, August 27.

'BULLETS' 1,131 RESULT

First Prize, £250 Cash:

Mrs. A. MACLEAN, 3, Clive Road, Dundee.

Example: BRITAIN'S SAFETY
Bullet: "MATCHLESS"—CAN "STRIKE ANYWHERE."

Second Prize, £25:

J. A. KANE, 111, Moore Street, Gateshead.

Example: Our Neighbour's Car
Bullet: Plus Pound, Secured Pram!
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

Third Prize, £10:

Mrs. M. JENKINS, 63, North Parade, Aberystwyth.

Example: In His Memory
Bullet: Son's Fighter—Hers, Baby.

OTHER PRIZES:

£9: Mrs. M. L. BRIGGS, 51, Askew Avenue, Gipsyville, Hull.
When Shadows Fall—Often Through Glory's "Sunrise."

£8: F. HOOD, 16, Grant Crescent, Seaham, Co. Durham.
Hot And Strong — Dictator — Britannia's Cooler, Stronger.
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

£7: G. WOOSNAM, Railway Cottage, Lampeter, Cards.
What Happened In 1914—Interrupted "It Couldn't Happen!"

£6: F. EMMETT, 1, Belle Vue Terrace, Southowram, Halifax.
When The Shop's Closed—No "Funny Business," Neville!

£5: H. F. MILLYARD, 93, Haselwick Road, Three Bridges, Crawley.
Led To The Slaughter—Mankind? *Rushing* To It!

£4: A. E. RAPLEY, Melrose, St. Winifred's Road, Biggin Hill, Kent.
Must Stop—War, *All* Comrades Association.
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

£3: Mrs. B. McLAREN, "Pitcairn," Langho, near Blackburn.
Waiting For Her—Finishing Touches, Finished Touchy.

10 of £2 10s. each:

H. F. BROWN, 45, Monmouth Road, Dorchester, Dorset.
Waiting For Her—Repaid—Dinner's Always Ready.

W. R. COOK, 1, Pryatt Street, Barry Dock, S. Wales.
What Happened In 1914—Made Mantelpiece Mother's "Altar."

T. DAVIES, 9, Mansel Street, Port Talbot.
Hot And Strong—Boarder's Tea—Different Days!
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

J. L. HENDERSON, 663, Sidcup Road, Eltham, London, S.E.
Civilisation's Milestones—You'd Imagine Baby's Teeth!

W. A. MANNING, 65, Pendennis Road, Streatham, S.W.
Must Stop—At Mast Top, "Duster."

A. J. MOODY, 16, Margarets Buildings, Bath.
Treaty Of Peace—"Slippers, Henry?" "Pictures, Darling?"

A. L. RIDGE, 94, Hythe Road, Swindon Wilts.
Swallows Anything—About Pub's Iniquity, Abstainer!

I. L. STEVENS, 308, Narborough Road Leicester.
Our Neighbour's Car—Garages Know—Makers Wouldn't!

E. W. WALLIS, 52, St. Olave's Road, York.
Our Neighbour's Car—Did *Them* For *Sixty!*
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

Miss G. WOOTTON. (Staff) The Royal Pier Hotel, Weston-super-Mare.
Happy Wife—Basketful After Unemployment's "Basinful."

Each of the foregoing winners also has the choice of a Holiday Gift.

A list of 20 10s. and 200 Holiday Award winners can be seen at these offices.

Add 2, 3 or 4 words to any "Example"

ENGLAND EXPECTS
NOT ENOUGH FOOD
BONDS OF EMPIRE
WE'VE CONQUERED THE AIR, BUT
PUBLIC BENEFACTOR
TO DRY HER TEARS
ROUGH JUSTICE
WHEN DAD HAD A JOB
TOM, DICK AND HARRY
INSEPARABLE
IN THE HEAT OF THE MOMENT
AILING CHILD
ALL THAT'S LEFT
GOING BACK
TAKE A REST AND
PROSPEROUS FARMER
HE'S ONLY A LEARNER, SO
LIKE A WINDMILL
PUT ON
FAIRY-TALES
MADE HIM SIT UP
ASKS A LOT
WHEN EVERYBODY'S OUT
"THE MORE THE MERRIER!"
JUST TO ANNOY ME
PAINFUL MEMORY
MACHINERY OF THE LAW
SHAKING IN HIS SHOES
DIDN'T LOOK
NOTHING TO HER
WHEN SONNY WENT PADDLING
LIVELY AS A CRICKET

Save Money on Entries With your *Bullets* entry you may now enclose Crossword entry, with single Postal Order sufficient to cover both entry-fees, thus saving 2½d. on postage and postage. Make Postal Order payable to JOHN BULL, address joint entry envelope "Bullets" No. 1,135 and Crossword No. 122, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, marking it "B and C" in top left-hand corner.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,135) | P.O. No. ..... | Signed .....
Closing postmark SAT., Aug. 27. | I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d. | Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,135) | P.O. No. ..... | Signed .....
Closing postmark SAT., Aug. 27. | I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. | Address .....

YOU CAN POST YOUR ENTRY UP TILL LAST COLLECTION, SATURDAY, AUGUST 27.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,135) | P.O. No. ..... | Signed .....
Closing postmark SAT., Aug. 27. | I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d. | Address .....

FREE COUPON FOR COMPETITION No. 1,135 IF USED AS INSTRUCTED BELOW

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

FREE PRIVILEGE ENTRY

I enclose **TWO** or more paid (or prize) coupons for Bullets No. 1,135, all entered in same name and address, entitling me to this coupon FREE.

Signed .....
Address .....

Should you wish to enter further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,135 usually purchase "John Bull."

The original cheque for £300 chosen by the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 1,130 will be displayed in the window of Mr. Roberts, 95, Culvert Road, Battersea, S.W.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./. Entrant's name address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,135, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

The Remedy That Has Definitely Mastered

CIRCULATORY DISEASES

Wonderful Discovery of Unique Blood Substance Essential to Health!

By Every Post Letters Pour Into Our Offices ——Letters full of Praise and Thanks!

Elasto

REGISTERED

The Wonder Tablet

For the Blood, Veins, Arteries and Heart

ELASTO, the wonderful blood substance, which positively must be present in the blood to ensure complete health, is now known to be the active principle which controls the healing properties of the blood.

Such troubles as varicose veins, varicose ulcers, eczema, psoriasis, swollen legs, inflamed wounds, phlebitis, heart troubles, poor blood, bad circulation, piles, varicocele, rheumatism, hardened arteries, and relaxed conditions, in any part of the body are directly traceable to degeneration of tissue-cells resulting from a deficiency of this vitalising principle in the blood. These ailments will not respond to ordinary treatment: to effect a cure it is essential to remove the cause of the weakness, and this can only be done by making good the deficiency in the blood. Elasto does this surely and effectively, with results that often appear miraculous.

What is Elasto?

This question is fully answered in an interesting Booklet, which explains in simple language the Elasto method of *curing through the blood.* Your copy is Free, together with a generous Free Sample, see coupon below. Suffice it to say here that Elasto is not a drug, but a vital cell-food. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue and thus enables *Nature* to restore elasticity to the broken-down and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal, healthy circulation, *without which there can be no true healing!* NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN THE REAL TROUBLE IS BAD CIRCULATION.

Read What Users of Elasto Say—

"I have suffered years of agony with varicose veins and phlebitis, but thanks to Elasto, my leg is now completely cured."

"Rheumatoid arthritis gone; I have never felt better."

"The stinging sensation I used to get in my left arm and leg (arterio-sclerosis) is quite gone and my general health is much improved."

"Now walk long distances with ease."

"Elasto has cured my bad legs."

"Cured my rheumatism and neuritis."

"Thrombosis gone; legs better and less swelling."

"Varicose veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging."

"All signs of phlebitis gone."

"Completely cured my varicose ulcers."

"I am now free from pain."

"No pain or swelling in my legs now. I think it is wonderful after being unable to get about for two years."

"Your wonderful remedy has also cured me of cramp from which I had suffered for years."

"Elasto tones up the system and cures depression."

"My heart is quite sound again now."

"My doctor marvelled at my quick recovery from phlebitis."

"The swelling from ankles to thighs has entirely gone, and I can do a full day's work keeping on my legs all day."

"Lumbago cured after 3 years of suffering. Age 65."

"Elasto has saved me pounds."

"Had rheumatism so badly I could hardly walk, but Elasto cured me."

"Cured my sciatica 12 months ago; still quite fit."

"As soon as I started taking Elasto I could go about my work in comfort, no pain whatever."

"Cured my swollen legs although I had been suffering for years."

"I was confined to my bed with phlebitis, without hope of ever getting out again. My doctor says I owe my life to Elasto."

"Elasto has quite cured my eczema."

"My piles are gone, my legs are better, and I feel fitter in my general health." Etc., Etc.

These extracts are taken from letters received from grateful people who KNOW, who have tested and proved for themselves, the extraordinary health-restoring powers of this wonderful new biomedical remedy, Elasto. We guarantee the authenticity of every extract quoted.

Here's Good News! You Can Test Elasto Free!

Simply fill in the Coupon below for a Free Sample and a Special Free Booklet fully explaining Elasto, the new Biomedical Remedy. These, together with copies of recent testimonials, we will gladly send privately, post free. Don't lose another moment. Write for these to-day—NOW, while you think of it—AND SEE FOR YOURSELF WHAT A WONDERFUL DIFFERENCE ELASTO MAKES! This offer is too good to be missed! ★

ELASTO (Dept. 15), CECIL HOUSE, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.

COUPON

FOR FREE TRIAL SAMPLE OF ELASTO ★

ELASTO (Dept. 15), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet, "The Story of Elasto," fully explaining how Elasto, *The Great Blood Revitaliser*, cures through the blood.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

J.B. No. 20838 .....

Elasto will save you pounds!

J.B.L.33 20★

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